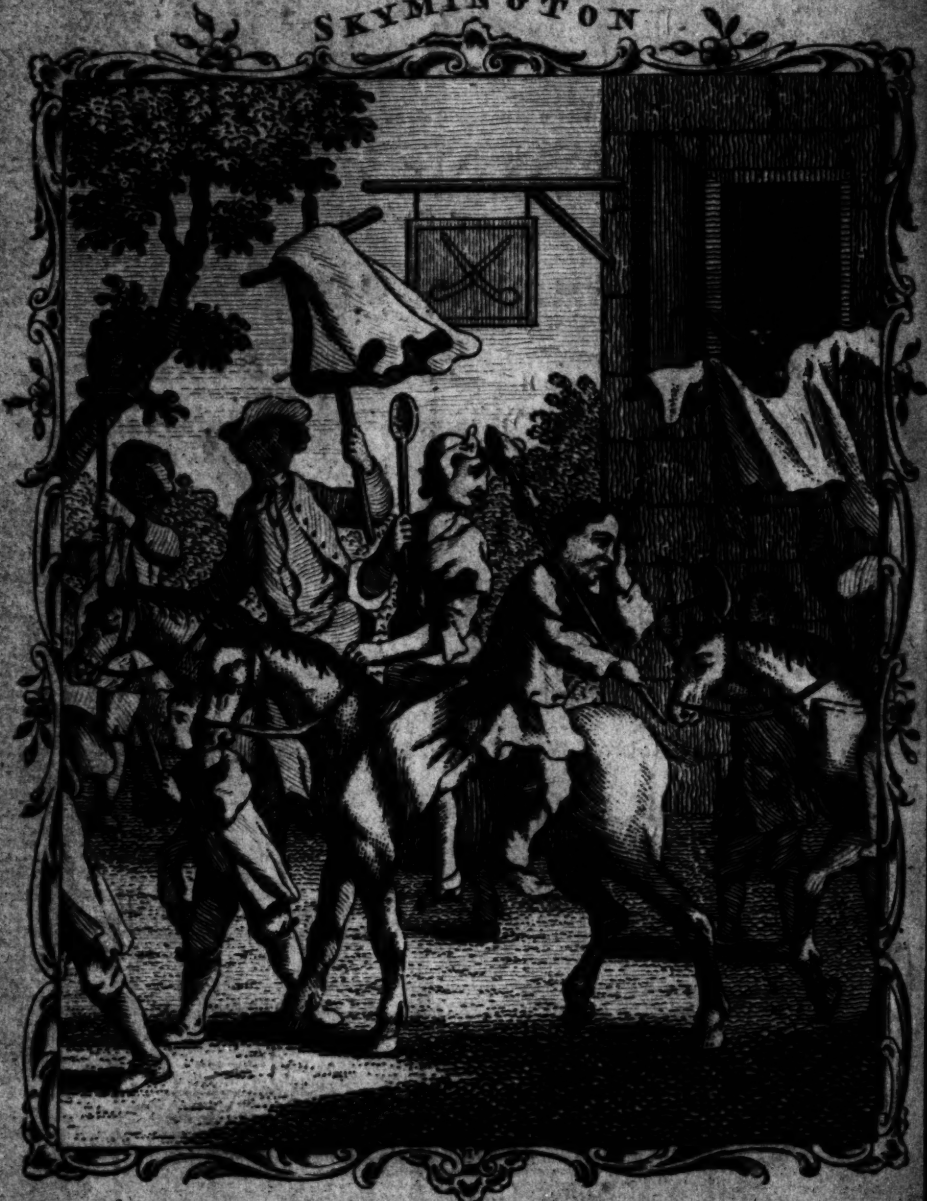
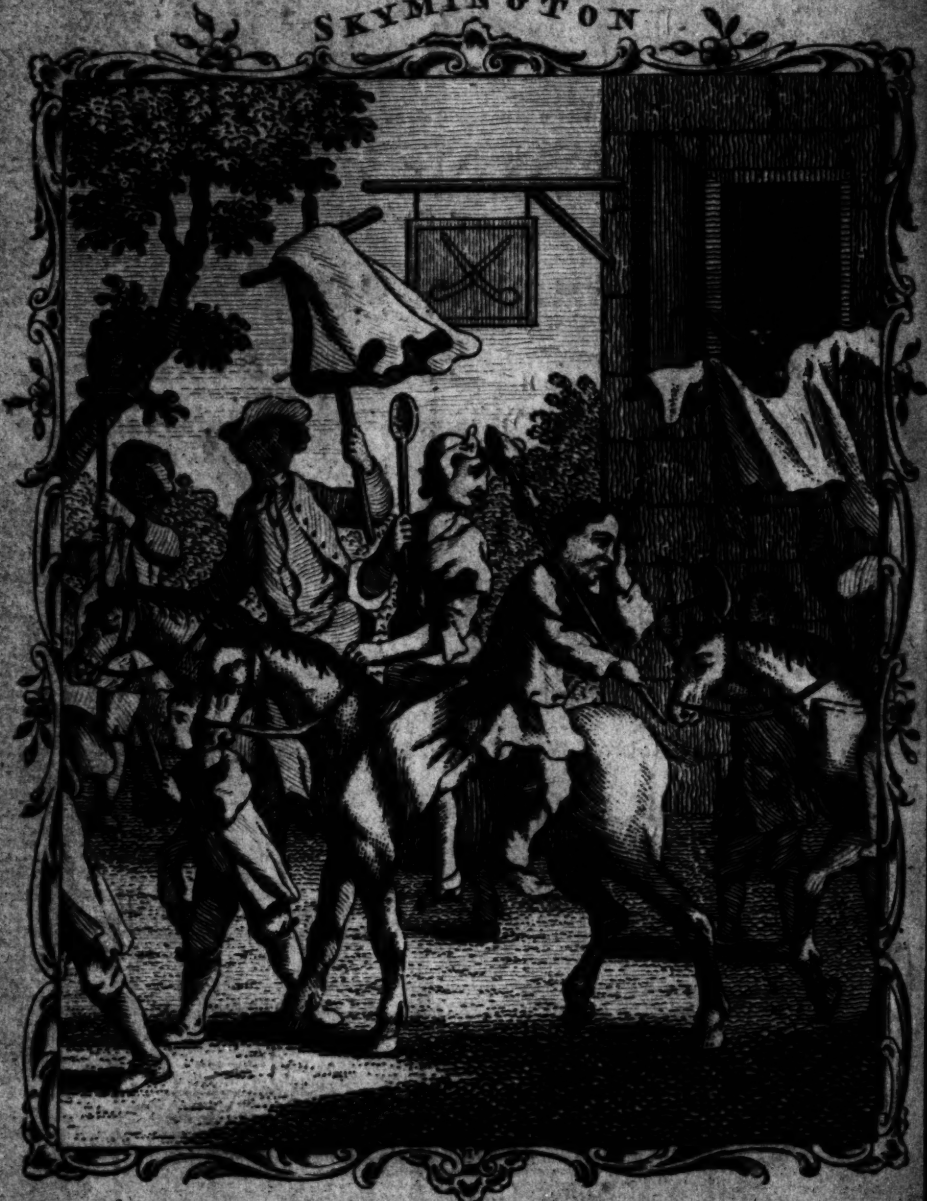


SKYMIN GTON



If once the Wife becomes the Master, Disturbance travels to and fro ;

SKYMIN GTON



If once the Wife becomes the Master, Disturbance travels to and fro ;

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THE CONJURER;

or

Metamorphoses of
PRIDE and HUMILITY:

An humorous Poetical

— **TALE:** —

*Intended as a Moral Entertain-
ment for both SEXES in their YOUTH,
as well as a Diversion for Those in
RIPER YEARS.*

*Decorated with 23 Copper Plates elegantly Engraved.
From Study sometimes Thoughts should be unbent,
To laugh at Stories — if they're innocent.*

L O N D O N.

*Printed for Edw.^d Ryland & Sons in the Old Bailey, and
J. Willie in St Pauls Churchyard, Pr. 1: Plain, & Colour'd.*



Prudence instructing Infancy.



INTRODUCTION.

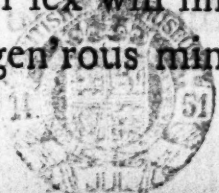
THIS *tale* has often trod the stage;
Affording mirth to youth and age,
At first 'twas but a plain narration,
Yet, not unworthy observation:
For which, as hum'rous plots were scarce,
A wit transform'd it to a *farce*;

B

And we, in hopes to entertain,
Back to a hist'ry turn again ;
With pretty *cuts* to please the sight,
And join instruction with delight.

Each careful *boy*, his book that learns,
Each *miss*, that what is right discerns,
From hence may form the moral plan,
To act as *woman*, and as *man*.
By others' foibles we are shewn
The method to amend our own ;
Prudence will from reflection 'rise,
And by example all grow wise.

The infant *ladies* here may see,
The fate of female *tyranny* ;
For which there's not the least occasion,
And good effects of *reformation*.
The *youths* of t'other sex will find
How amiable's the gen'rous mind ;



“ A *wit*’s a feather; *chief* a rod,”
“ An honest man’s the work of *God* ;”
A *wit*, what then? he’s light as air;
His spirits free and debonair,
We own afford to *folly* pleasurè,
But then he must reflect at leisure;
The cause of *folly*, nay of crimes,
Is that of being gay betimes;
Betimes I say; that is too soon;
The sun’s meridian is at noon.

Of this no more; perhaps ’tis grave,
Yet ’tis what we wou’d *have* you *have*;
Nor miss, nor lad can dread the rod,
That mind their book, and fear their *God*:
These *pair* you see were twins at birth,
Prudence observes their innate worth;
With her they’re glad to coincide,
The pride of sense is noble pride;

The *Print* at *top* is their direction,
And minding that none need correction;
But this, perhaps, you'll fancy dull,---
Read on and laugh your belly full.

The matter we intend to shew
Is *care* above, and *joy* below;
That virtue ignorance may join,
And *worth* be in a *cobler's* line.

These *facts* fill ev'ry page before ye :---
This said; let's enter on the *story*.



Folly whipping the Alphabet.



C H A P. I.

Which our Readers, we believe, without Information will observe is the Beginning.

A Worthy knight, as truth relates,
 Possess'd of sev'ral good estates,
 Had pass'd in joy and peace his life,
 But for a vixen of a wife.
 His friendly hospitable door
 Was always open to the poor;

In ev'ry season through the year,
 He welcom'd all with hearty cheer;
 His tenants never us'd to fail
 To taste the sweets of humming ale:
 To his kind disposition owing,
 The spit and jack were ever going;
 Nay, those who cou'd not pay their rent,
 Ne'er came but home return'd content;
 All 'round the country rang his fame,
 And fir *John Loverule* call'd by name.

In *London*, where the smoke and noise,
 Put none in mind of rural joys,
 Our *knight* was present ev'ry year,
 At house of parliament t' appear;
 Because as member for the borough,
 He for its good would be stirrer:
 But bus'ness perfected in town,
 Quick at his seat again was down;
 Nor stay'd for op'ra, ball, or play;
 His pleasures were a diff'rent way;

Confin'd to such which nature yields,
In wood-lands, meadows, groves and fields.

It happen'd once, at Christmas time,
When not to sport wou'd be a crime,
That madam Termagant, my *lady*,
Whose tongue to scold was always ready,
Order'd her coach her friends to see,
And spend the night in company :
At which all servants in the house
Resolv'd to have a sweet carouse.
Maids, footmen, butler, coachman, cook,
Cast off their long dejected look ;
Huzza, they cried, now lad and lass,
We'll jovially the evening pass.
The neighbours too shall drown all sorrow,
Our *lady* comes not till to-morrow ;
The merry *cobler* now shall swig,
And the blind *fiddler* scrape a jig ;

We'll drink; and sing, and dance, and play,
 'Till Phæbus beams another day.

Some writers are so blest in thought,
 They'll tell a *tale*, without a plot;
 And, when the thousandth page is read,
 Their readers wonder what they've said;
 It certainly must hurt the gizzard,
 To find such work from *A* to *Izard*;
 With here a *fact*, and there a *doubt*,
 And *up*, and *down*, and *turn about*.
 But we disdain such paths to keep;
 We'd not have our perusers sleep;
 Each character we shew, we *therefore*,
 Shall fix a reason *why* and *wherefore*,
 And tho' the muse may be a hobler,
 She'll talk about the merry *cobler*;
 Before the jovial *crew* he's seen in;
 But *why*?---that you may know the meaning;
 And *wherefore*?---to encrease your rapture,
 So let's begin the second chapter.

II.
Nelly Coaxing Jobson.



C H A P. II.

Giving a description of Jobson the cobbler, and his wife Nell; and how they fell out about quarelling between jest and earnest; which is considered by many as the most peaceable method of doing it; and other curious matters, which the reader, on reading, will, we flatter ourselves, discover.

FROM the knight's gate, and o'er one stile,
Perhaps, a quarter of a mile;

In little hutt, with straw o'erthatch'd,
 By drowsy watchmen never watch'd;
 (For honesty and innocence,
 Were always found their own defence)
 Dwelt *Jobson*, famous through the village,
 Who ne'er was found to crib or pillage.

Tailors, as customers can tell,
 Have got a place intitled *bell*;
 Which, tho' it's certainly a sin,
 They put their ill-got profits in;
 Such folks, by dint of slips of parchment,
 Can give your body much enlargement;
 Persuade you what is worn in pleasuring,
 And cheat you of a yard in measuring;
 Such gainings perquisites they call,
 And 'tis the common trick of all:
 But cobblers ne'er combine together,
 To cheat their customers of leather;
 They're chiefly honest, hearty men,
 Like *Jobson* :---so to him again.

A wife he had, as people tell,
 A good one too; her name was *Nell*;
 A simple, buxom, chearful dame;
 No gossips cou'd traduce her fame;
 Deep learning never made her mad;
 No little share of that she had:
 Some country folks are bred polite,
 And some can neither read nor write;
 The friends of *those* you may be sure
 Had some estate; and *these* were poor;
 Yet nature to her children kind,
 By instinct cultivates their mind;
 And tho' poor *Nelly* ne'er saw school,
 No one accounted her a fool:
 She earn'd, by industry, her bread;
 Her daily task was spinning *thread*,
 For *Jobson's* own important use,
 In making, or in mending *shoes*:
 And while he work'd at toe or heel,
 She turn'd about her spinning wheel;

Each thus to t'other comfort bringing,
 He joyous whistling ; *Nelly* singing,
 Good-natur'd *Jobson* was, we know,
 Which made the folks respect him so ;
 And *Nell* was like him as one pea
 Is to another thought to be :
 Yet often-times, for some mis-hap,
 She felt the mettle of his strap ;
 Yet took it all in patient part,
 Because she lov'd him at her heart :
 He broke no bones ; he drew no blood ;
 Baggage, says he, 'tis for your good :
 So merrily he went about it,
 Poor *Nell* was not long right without it ;
 And when 'twas o'er, a minute after,
 They both were almost choak'd with laughter ;
 She to like *strapping*, he to give it,
 What modern couple can believe it !

Ye wives and husbands with permission,
 Follow this plan with expedition ;

Which if to do, when cross'd, ye're loth,
The world will surely laugh at both,

Let ev'ry dame, like honest *Nell*,
Think what a crime 'tis to rebel
Against her sov'reign lord and master,
And ne'er by words create disaster:
An husband well may learn to rule,
Unless his *deary* is a fool;
The wedded pair that scold and fight,
Get but disgrace and ruin by't.

Let man and wife submit to fate,
Then happy is the marriage state;
But leave, O muse, this moral talking,
And be to *sir John Loverule's* walking;
Walking?---that wounds the muse's fame,
Pshaw!----walk, or fly, 'tis just the same.

Now to the *knight's*, on rare occasion,
Jobson receives an invitation,
To come, and join the jocund throng,
With punch, and fiddle, dance and song:

This he, in joyous humour, told
 His *spouse*---who never us'd to scold ;
 She, tickled at the merry whim,
 Desir'd and coax'd to go with him ;
 What ? *Jobson* cries, wou'dst gad and roam
 No, huffey,---mind and spin at home ;
 For if I'm lacking thread for work,
 I'll *strap* thy hide, like any Turk,
 Jade as thou art ! why so provoking ?
 (This *by the by* tho' was but joking)
 Here's sixpence, get thee cakes and ale,
 Indulge thyself; thou draggle-tail :
Nelly at this became content,
 And *Jobson* jogg'd to merriment ;
 But sorrow often follows laughter,---
 Of this we'll tell ye more hereafter.



C H A P. III.

Shewing how glad all the servants were at the sight of the merry cobbler, the good-nature of sir John Loverule, and that when my Lady came in, they all thought there was one too many.

NOW, reader, be thou great or small,
Fancy thyself at sir *John's* hall;
Not that by dint of law erected,
Where ev'ry murderer is dissected;

I mention this, for 'twere a pity,
 To lead astray the dull, or witty ;
 As none but those of education,
 Can tell it by pronounciation :
 I mean the hall of sir *John Loverule*,
 Whose lady all know was above rule ;
 Whose absence caus'd the merry meeting ;
 Whose presence was all joy defeating :
 Huzza ! they cry, with jovial look,
 From lady's footman to the cook ;
 Here, here comes *Jobson*, hearty boy ;---
 The butler shook his hand for joy :
Friend, cries the *cobler*, this is right,
 And I'll be princely drunk to-night ;
 My wife just now began to chatter,
 I told her something of the matter,
 And she wou'd come,---at least she thought
 I wonder what some folks are brought to,
 To neighbours hearty bold and free,
 Like I and you ; and you and me :

'Twere wrong for wives to give uneas'ness;
Strap, says I, come and do your bus'ness;
 I did not hurt her tho',---for *Nell*
 Just after trespassing gets well;
 What then, says *cook*, you might have brought
 Her--- whom a merry girl we thought;
 Right, right, cries *Jobson*, well enough,
 But brother *Lickspit* do not buff;
 Bring us the punch, let sport begin---
 'Twas made; the *cobbler* brought it in;
 Then giving Bacchus invocation,
 They drank success to king and nation;
 The toast, with three loud cheers, was finish'd;
 But hear how soon their joy diminish'd.

As when upon a Summer's day,
 The sun emits his brighter ray;
 And tempts the happy nymphs and swains,
 To rural pastimes on the plains;

Shou'd sudden gloom the sky o'ercaſt,
 Back to their cottages they haſte;
 Sorry they look 'cauſe baulk'd of fun,
 In dumps and dudgeon every one;
 So thunder-ſtruck the bonny crew
 Appear'd, when in my lady flew,
 So unexpectedly, you'd ſwear
 The de'el himſelf convey'd her there:
Sir John accompanied her ſide----
 Hey dey, what's here to do! ſhe cry'd;
 Tell me, ye rogues, fots, jades, and queans;
 Tell me, I ſay, what all this means.
 Then by the ears ſhe lugg'd the maids,
 And beat the men about their heads;
 In vain *ſir John* to ſooth her try'd,
 (So great her arrogance and pride)
 He told her at that joyful ſeaſon,
 It was his cuſtom, check'd by reaſon,
 To let his ſervants all be merry;
 Drink, dance, and chorus, *hey down derry!*

Sir, says she, mind your own affairs ;
 I'm the best judge of household cares ;
 This rout then's to your humour owing ?
 This is the way my fortune's going ;
 I that was never known to scold ;
 Shall I be tutor'd and controul'd ?
 I'll break the neck of such wild courses ;
 Mind you your hawks, your dogs, and horses.
 Confus'd at such a deuced pother,
 Some ran off one way, some another ;
 Happy when out of madam's reach ;
 Ready almost to cack their breech :
Jobson, who did not run so fast,
 Attempted to steal by at last ;
 But liking not to have a stroke,
 He thus her *ladyship* bespoke :
 An honest *cobbler* ma'm, am I ;
 I pay my quit-rents punctually ;

Amen, at church each Sunday bawl,
 And chaunt the loudest of them all;
 And thou'd your worship come that way,
 You'll hear me sing; and see me pray.
 Out, out, she cries, you varlet go;
 And glad he was he cou'd do so:
 Then turning to the sightless fiddler,
 She gave his nob a pretty tiddler;
 'Thou scraping rogue, begone, hence, straight,
 Cracking the fiddle o'er his pate;
 Alack, ah well a day! cry'd he,
 You've ruin'd my poor family;
 And truth 't had been, but that the knight
 Pitying his dejected plight,
 And knowing it to be a true one,
 Gave him some cash to buy a new one.



CHAP. IV.

*Giving an account of the arrival of a conjurer;
and those who cannot read it must be no con-
jurers.*

WHOE'ER has conn'd o'er *Hudibras*,
A witty book as ever was,
Has found that *Butler*---for he wrote it,
(Could I think on the page I'd quote it)

Makes mention of one *Sidrophel*,
 Who did in *conj'ring* all excel;
 If any man had lost his spouse,
 He, by the stars, cou'd tell the house
 To which she 'ad ran, and taken shelter,
 To send the neighbours *belter skelter*;
 To ease her husband of his pain,
 And bring his *runaway* again;
 Which many us'd to cry out pish for;
 And what few husbands *now* wou'd wish for.
 But hush :---all failings we shou'd smother,
 There's *six* of one; and *six* of t'other:
 Well---this same *Sidrophel* we talk of,
 Cou'd guess how *geese* and *turkeys* walk off;
 But not unless he'ad had the wit,
 To come in for a dainty bit:
 That wit he had :---and so was certain---
 He had his spies behind the curtain,
 A fool can tell who 'as lost his pelf
 If he's confederate himself.

From *sir John Loverule's* seat ten miles,
 And over many gates and stiles,
 A great *magician* chanc'd to dwell,
 Equal in art to *Sidrophel*:
 Nay some reports so far have gone,
 To say he was his nat'ral son;
 For *conjurers* are only men,
 And will be naughty now and then.

He'd tell you, with a piercing look,
 What *lads*, or *misses* lik'd their book;
 And when he found their tricks *so so*,
 Declare if they'd be whipt or no;
 Prognosticate the best exemplar,
 If *boy* at reading; *girl* at sampler;
 And whether each from school wou'd slip,
 For *thread my needle*, or to *skip*:
 From town to town his praises ran,
 A very wond'rous *cunning man*.

It chanc'd that having staid out late,
 Tho' in his head quite temperate,
 Casting some *fool's* nativity,
 To which none else but *fools* agree;
 And proud, and rich, and full of whim,
 Wou'd not submit to go to him;
 The moon withdrew her silver light:
 And dark and dismal grew the night;
 He knowing *sir John* kind to all,
 And being near his friendly hall,
 To taste his bounty crav'd a proof,
 By lying underneath his roof;
 Hey! cry'd my *lady*, 'when she saw him,
 I wish I'd here a *Pyle* to draw him;
Pyle, as we learn, had painted her,
 But much too handsome some aver;
 Howe'er 'twas like---so she'd espouse him,---
 And so wou'd ev'ry one that knows him:
 Get out, says she, straight disappear!
 No *conjurers* shall harbour here;

To this replies her worthy spouse,
 You fancy, friend, this is *my* house;
 But ev'ry day comes such difaster,
 I scarce can think myself the master;
 An hundred paces down the lane,
 Tho' black the night, the road is plain,
 You'll find, without impediment,
 An honest *cobbler's* tenement;
 Go there, inform them of your case,
 I'll get you soon a better place:
 With grateful look, and all submission,
Sir John was thank'd by the *magician*;
 But for her *ladyship*, he cries,
 Good-nature she shall learn to prize,
 I'll make her civil and polite,
 And invoke my *spells* to-night;
 She, she, shall feel my magic art,
 But you I bless, sir, from my heart.

We only write to folks of sense,
 So falshood shall not give offence;

Poets some liberties may take,
 But never shou'd the truth forsake;
 And yet they scarcely tell a tale,
 But what in that respect they fail:

How amiable appears the *Youth*,
 That bends his mind to honest truth;
 No inward sting wounds his repose,
 And fortune follows where he goes.
 How pretty looks the decent *Maid*,
 That ne'er makes use of false parade;
 But when some trivial fault is o'er,
 Confesses; and does so no more.
 The only method here to thrive,
 Is still to keep the truth alive;---
 But this is wand'ring from our story,
 So pray read on; 'tis all before ye;
 And not to turn what's true adrift,---
 Mark the next chapter is the *fifth*.

The *conjurer* went away in rage,
 But listen to the other page.

Harmless Nell and the late affronted Conjuror.



CHAP. V.

Which acquaints our readers, that hearty friendship may be found in an homely cottage; that people sometimes come indifferently off by conversing with cunning men; and that when an husband grows jealous he can't help being cross.

IN London dwell but very few,
Who ale for their own drinking brew;

Because 'tis done with fufs and pother;
 If one approves; so may'nt another:
 A *brewing's* like a *washing* day,
 On which most husbands sneak away;
 And sometimes seldom see their door,
 'Till drying too, and ir'ning's o'er;
 They've got the *bip*; they sham, so *pad* off;
 Which some good dames are mighty glad of:
 For oft' I've heard them cry, hey dey!
 Why do these men stand in the way?
 Give us the dish-clout; that shall shew
 If here we're mistresses or no;
 Then slyly to one's skirt they pin it,
 They laugh:-----he thinks the deuce is in it;
 'Till he's acquainted with the jest;
 Then looks as merry as the rest;
 But there are wives who are not such,
 Who love their dears so over-much,
 They'll keep 'em o'er the steam and grub;
 Nay, make 'em handy at the tub;

Such women are their husbands' curse;
 Such men to bear it fools; -- or worse.

This wholesome doctrine *Johnson* knew,

'Twas *Nell's* to wash, to bake, and brew,

Which if she did in awkward plight,

He call'd for *strap*, to set her right,

In March, precarious as the *fair*,

When now serene, then keen the air,

Now frost and snow invest the plain,

Anon each prospect's bright again;

When cool October rear'd its head,

And ev'ry rural joy was fled,

Except what hunters are inclin'd to,

Which *Nelly* never had a mind to;

In these two months intent she wou'd

Do all with hops and malt she cou'd,

To make them merry when they'd done

Their task; which was at morn begun:

Then of a mug of nut-brown *ale*,
 They swigg'd, and took a free regale;
 And ev'ry night as sure as life,
 'Twas here's t' ye *husband*; here's t' ye *wife*:
 Unless he tipp'd at the ale-house,
 Which some who know to tell don't fail us,
 Or to the *knight's* receiv'd a call,
 For merry making in the hall:
 In cases such as these 'tis plain
 Poor *Nelly* must at home remain;
 Content tho' to diversion prone,
 To crack her *pitcher* all alone.

Some folks we very often see
 Captious, and cross in company,
 And others such capricious elves,
 They'll quarrel drinking by themselves;
 But *Nelly* boasted much good-nature,
 So neither way gave cause for satire;

And those who imitate her plan,
Act right, if woman; right, if man.

All this premis'd we'll straight refer,
Back to our wond'rous *conjurer*,
At *Jobson's* hovel we'll alight;
Where at the instance of the *knight*,
This *cunning* man took his abode,
Because belated on the road;
And 'till sir *John* cou'd send a guide,
A better harbour to provide.

Wits have short mem'ries, people say,
And so perhaps some readers may,
For which to make the matter plain,
We tell this circumstance again:
The *doctor* now and *Nelly* met,---
Suppose 'em chatting *tete a tete*;
She found who 'twas that sent him thither,
And knew that some folks hang together;

So welcom'd him with hearty cheer,
 And ask'd if he'd have *ale* or *beer* :
 Sweetheart ! he cry'd, as my condition
 Is almost tir'd, with your permission,
 A draught of *ale* ; and if you please,
 A trifling crust of bread and cheese.
 I'll fill our *pitcher* now, says she ;
 With what you fancy, pray make free ;
 Then straight upon a cleanly dresser,
 On which a peer might be a messer ;
 She sat her wholesome evening food,
 (Wou'd London bragg'd of such as good)
 And he at one end, she at t'other,
 Push'd o'er the *jug* to one another ;
 The *doctor* seeing her good-nature,
 And void of guile in ev'ry feature,
 Resolv'd, by way of compliment,
 For shelter in the tenement,
 And to retaliate the repast,
 That her *nativity* he'd cast ;

Give me your hand, good wife; says he,
 I'll tell your fortune instantly;
 Oh, do dear father! *Nelly* prays,
 It ne'er was told in all my days;
 With dirt I fear my forehead shines,
 So thick you'll not observe the lines,
 Which you'll not wonder at,--for know
 I've scrub'd my house from top to toe;
 And really, sir, if I must speak,
 It comes upon one once a week;
 From eight at morn to eight at night,
 I scarcely ever finish quite,
 And if I work from sun to sun,
 There's always something to be done;
 Cheer up, replies the *Necromancer*,
 Fortune thy honest looks shall answer;
 Thy life no more shall slav'ry be;
 Farewel to household drudgery!

D

Before to-morrow's sun appears,
 To drink the meadow's dewy tears;
 Before the cock to crow is ready,
 Shalt thou, good wife, be made a *lady*;
 The richest *lady* hereabout;
 This by the planets I've found out;
 No more thy spouse shall strap and frown,
 But all things seem turn'd upside down.

A lady, sir, O dear, cry'd *Nell*!
 And has such luck to me *befell*?
 Shall, I brought up in humble guise;
 Shall I to ladyship arise?

The *Conjurer* to this rejoin'd,
 All things shall prosper to your mind;
 Sweet smiling happiness approach,
 And you be rich, and keep your coach.

As when grimalkin smells a mouse;
 The slyest pilferer in a house;
 As when a Poet, ever poor,
 Is of his patron's *rhino* sure;

Or bookseller, that lives by puffing,
 Obtains a thread-bare Bard for---*nothing*;
 Or Lawyer fing'ring of his fee;
 So great was *Nelly's* extacy:
 Yet somewhat in belief remiss,
 As modest merit always is,
 She cry'd, oh, father! can it be,
 That so much fortune's meant for me?
 Can I, who'm but a *Cobbler's* wife,
 And ignorant of higher life;
 Can I appear at park and play?
 Indeed, sir, I shou'd faint away!
 I lack the force of education,
 To fit me for a higher station:
 Charm'd with her plain simplicity,
 Be bold, be confident, says he;
 The ladies dress'd in noblest taste,
 The lords and foplings richly lac'd,

Laugh each at each ; so never heed 'em ;
 Gentility consists in freedom ;
 Tho' few, I'm sorry to declare it,
 Will ever with true grandeur pair it ;
 Pride oft' assumes the place of sense,
 Then greatness is mere insolence ;
 And others are so very free,
 They bend beneath their dignity.
 Decent ambition must be seen ;
 So act nor haughtily, nor mean ;
 These are the truths you ought to know,
 And you'll fare well by acting so.
 Some husbands, as old stories tell us,
 Have got a knack of being jealous ;
 And when such notions once arise,
 They'll not believe their ears or eyes ;
 Each circumstance, suspicious, vary,
 And fancy matters quite contrary ;
 This point I mention in this place,
 Because 'twas hearty *Jobson's* case ;

Not that he ever knew his dame
 Commit a deed to hurt his fame;
 For *Nell* was virtue's strict pursuer,
 And lik'd, tho' brisk, by all that knew her;
 But with the false or the sincere,
 Where'er there's love, there's always fear.
 Reader, this hinted, by your favour,
 We'll talk of *Jobson's* droll behaviour.

'Tis said the passions of the mind,
 Are always in the face defin'd;
 But reason tells us other matters,
 A man may be a fool that chatters;
 Another seem prodigious wise,
 And be a rogue, and live by *lies*:
 For who can see th' internal part?
 'Tis past the pow'r of human art;
 Yet there's a *pow'r* that governs you,
 That sees and knows whate'er you do.

Forgive, my readers, this digression,
 'Tis for *morality's* impression ;
 We'll give you *this* ; we'll give you laughter,
 All meant to make you right hereafter ;
 But if the *young ones* stroll and stray,
 As *young ones* do, as some folks say,
 There's nothing *morally* to mention,
 But circumventing their intention.
 And this we told ye was our *plan*----
 We'll be as clever as we can.

Morality is often seen,
 In places low and very mean,
 Yet *generosity* is found,
 In places even underground ;
 For those that chance to live beneath us,
 By *chance* have something to bequeath us ;
 Beneath, I say, in humble sheds,
 Where great folks wou'd not hide their heads,
 And yet from little folks they get
 When dead their worth without regret,

VI
The Jealousy of Jobson, Memento of Nell, and Resentment of the Conjuror.



C H A P. VI.

Informs our perusers, that we committed a sort of a blunder, which all authors have a right to, by not bringing Jobson himself into the last chapter, hoping they will be pleas'd with his company in this; and shewing it dangerous for Conjurers to be too great with the wives of other men.

HOW oft' in worldly scenes we find
The transitory joy of mind!

Now ev'ry thing shall jog on well,
 And pleasure in the bosom dwell :
 Anon shall shift the bright'ning scene,
 And sudden dulness intervene :
 Poor *Nelly* prov'd this quick exchange,
 And that she shou'd appears not strange ;
 For in the hope of all her glory,
 By list'ning to the *Conjurer's* story,
 And 'rapt in thought of vast delight,
 The coach at morn ; the play at night ;
 Besides a thousand other schemes
 Of grandeur, and fantastic whims ;
 Lo, *Jobson* lifted up the latch !
 And not well pleas'd the pair to catch,
 So, ho ! he cries, what *Quean* art drunk ?
 And who are you, sir, thief, or monk ?
 Did I leave money, faucy jade !
 For ale and pippins to be made
 A *cuckold* ? --- no ; on no conditions ;
 Especially by *macmaticians* ;

What shall the prince of *Cobbeler*s,
 Father young bastard *Conjurers* ?
 Then flourishing his trusty *strap*,
 He gave her petticoats a slap ;
 Oh, dear ! cried *Nell*, is this a spice tho'
 Of that good-fortune I'm to rise to ;
Jobson, you're wrong : this wond'rous man,
 Has laid for life a glorious plan ;
 Our riches he has been forecasting,
 And soon our *coach* we shall be plac'd in ;
 A *coach*, says he, a barrow,-- --cart,-----
 'Zounds ! how confounded drunk thou art !
 Of *cunning* tricks, there's now no doubting,
 I feel my *horns* already sprouting ;
 To this the doctor made reply,
 Thy wife has acted virtuously ;
 You've got much happiness in store,
 But never dare to strap her more ;
 For if you shou'd *things* will grow worse,
 And turn your bliss into a curse :

'Zooks! return'd *Jobson*, pretty times,
 When husbands shan't correct the crimes
 Of titt'ring, tippling, saucy spouses,
 But *Conjurers*, damn 'em, in their houses;
 Shall you assume th' adviser's part,
 A rogue, that lives by magic art?
 Come give me of your art a proof,
 Run; skip, from underneath my roof;
 Or else whatever may befall,
 I'll center in your guts my *awl*.

The *Necromancer* thought this strange,
 And sneak'd away, with vow'd revenge;
 Not liking such severe rebuff,
 While *Nelly* was chagrin'd enough.
 To *bedfordshire*, then *Jobson* cry'd,
 There lull thy vanity and pride;
 Dream on good-luck, till morning shine,
 But, baggage, ne'er be grafting mine.

To what extremes some tempers run!

Some folks seem earnest tho' in fun;

And others seem so much in joke,

Their words for earnest can't be took;

When parties mean to come together,

Their care shou'd be to find out whether

Their diff'rent inclinations suit,

And who's to rule; and who dispute;

For ev'ry wife without dismay,

In all things legal shou'd obey

At once her sov'reign lord and master,

Nor by contending cause disaster;

And ev'ry husband ought to mind

The duty owing to the Kind;

For 'tis not force, but soft'ning art,

That keeps the wedded fair-one's heart;

By sly contrivance some may gain it,

But prudence only can maintain it;

This to all married folks we tell;

'Twas so with *Jobson* and with *Nell*:

For tho' some oddities may slip,
 As people say, 'twixt cup and lip;
 And tempers oft', too often vary,
 Which oft', too oft' make things miscarry;
 Yet matrimony ne'er was done,
 " But two hearts still were twin'd in one ;"

Heav'n meant the matrimonial state,
 To ward the adverse strokes of fate;
 That each shou'd bear the other's woe;
 That each the other's bliss shou'd know;
 Affording each to each relief,
 By height'ning joy, and light'ning grief.
 The married pair---we mean of sense,
 (To which some cannot claim pretence)
 Just like the *Cobbler* and his wife,
 Or fight, or scold, will love through life;
 And to this maxim still adhere,
 " That where there's *love* there will be *fear*."
 We mention this as a transition;
 So now we'll haste to the *Magician*.

VII
The Conjuror making Invocation to his Spirits.



C H A P. VII.

Giving an account of a conjurer in a wood, in which some reading conjurers remain during the whole course of their lives.

FAUSTUS, renown'd in days of yore,
 Cou'd do ten thousand tricks or more;
 But all his tricks were wrong and evil,
 Because he learnt 'em of the devil:
 Fond to do what the world might prate on,
 He sold himself for gold to Satan;

Who, when his final hour was come,
 Order'd his *fiends* to fetch him home;
 The *doctor*, griev'd at this disaster,
 But knew no way to cheat his master;
 For *Nick's* so very arch an elf,
 He'll let no one out-wit himself;
 So *Belzebub*, the fiends and all,
 Shatter'd poor *Faustus* in his Hall:
 Oh, curst itch of wealth! he cry'd,
 For *this* I've liv'd; for *this* I've died;
 And then they took, as stories tel',
 His spirit *underneath* to dwell.

We give this tale as we receive it;---
 You've no occasion to believe it;
 To mention it we think we shou'd,---
 'Tis more than many authors wou'd.

Well, this same *Conjurer* of ours,
 Conversant with the magic pow'rs,

Sold not himself, as *Faustus* did ;
 He by the planets cou'd succeed :
 Not all the sophistry of t'other,
 Cou'd change one *wife* into *another* ;
 Therefore our *Conjurer* was the greatest,
 And knew his study the compleatest.

Soliloquies most critics deem
 Unnatural, and spoil the theme ;
 But, learned *gents*, my *poor* opinion
 Is that you're out of your dominion,
 Things wou'd grow better, I durst say,
 If all folks *self-convers'd* each day ;
 Nay, twice each day were not too much,
 For happiness attends on *such*.
 When morning beams forth orient light,
 Let's ask ourselves how pass'd the night ;
 Whether in vice's loose extremes,
 Or 'rapt in virtue's golden dreams ;

And when at eve the setting sun,
 Has his diurnal progress run,
 Let's ask what actions we've been doing,
 If *folly*, or if *good* pursuing;
 And if the *good* shou'd upward keep,
 With what content we go to sleep!
 Home to the mind each comfort draws,
 And heav'n approves such *self-applause*:
Critics make hence this observation,
 Ne'er to decry *self-conversation*,

But from his road no *ass* is prancer,
 So let's o'ertake our *Necromancer*:
 Soliloquy, or language similar,
 He always us'd to his *familiar*;
 And so, by way of invocation,
 Succeeded in his incantation;
 For 'tis alone on such conditions,
 That *spirits* will attend *Magicians*;

And, merely then through complaisance,
 They'll but invisibly advance :
 I've heard of people that have seen 'em,
 But always thought the vapours in 'em ;
 For evidently sense infers,
 They're known to none but *Conjurers*.

The moon display'd her silver light,
 And solemn silence rul'd the night ;
 Except that Howlets, in the barn,
 Were hooting out their soft concern,
 Like human Owls, who in their prime,
 Fancy the night for *courting* time ;
 (And well to do in dark they may,
 Those actions that wou'd blush at day ;)
 And save that Philomel, forlorn,
 Was sweetly mourning on a thorn ;
 For this indeed we'll not be bound,
 'Cause Winter on his march was found ;

However, saving any pother,
 Concerning this, or that, or t'other;
 And to retard the *critics'* voices,
 We'll say all's *still* where there no *noise* is;
 But this perhaps they'll most deny,
 E'en let 'em do so;---what care I?
 For oft' I've known 'em take delight
 To prove right's *wrong*, and *wrong* is right.

The bell struck twelve, the pitch'd-on hour,
 When *sorcerers* exert their pow'r;
 When spirits, witches, fairies, elves,
 Convene in council by themselves;
 Ready their cues to understand,
 And finish matters out of hand:
 This hour, I say, our *Conjurer*,
 His strong incantment to prefer,
 Took to the wood peregrination,
 Invoking thus the transformation:

Ye little *sprites*, by whose decrees,
 My *wand* accomplishes with ease,
 Whate'er I wish; whate'er I want;
 My present supplication grant!
 You, who o'er innocence preside;
 And you, that check the rage of pride;
 All, all, attend, and bend your mind to
 The bus'ness that I'm now inclin'd to;
 The villages are hush'd in sleep,
 And in our process none can peep;
 The *Knight's* proud *Lady*, fond of strife,
 Convert into the *Cobbler's* wife;
 In *Jobson's* bed let her be plac'd,
 And *Nell* with sir *John Loverule's* grac'd;
This by such means will mend condition,
 And *that* be pinch'd for her ambition;
 Good-nature will be thus rewarded,
 And ruthless insolence discarded;

With rigour be the *spell* pursu'd,
 To fret the *bad*, and please the *good*;
 Strong, strong, let this enchantment strike;
 Be each wife so to t'other like
 That to each husband 'twont be known,
 But that he really has his own;
 Let this be done, the guilty fright'ning,
 In rain, in thunder, and in light'ning.

This said---the wind began to rise,
 The moon, as 'twere forsook the skies:
 Some wou'd infer it really was so,
 But where's the *Conjurer* that does so?
 For few enough, as all avow,
 Can truly find out *Conjurers* now;
 The reason's plain, devoid of learning,
 Nor *Master*, *Miss*, can hope *discerning*;
 We do not mean they cannot see,
 For that's a nat'ral property;

But *mentally*, which each at school,
 Must either learn or be a fool :
 To mention this we've some pretence,
 For folly's the reverse of sense;
 This is a truth you ought to know,
 Whether you mind it *yea* or *no*.

Some fancy wisdom but a jest,
 And so despise advice---the best ;
 While others, arduous to obtain it,
 E'en sacrifice their health to gain it :
 The medium way is surely right ;
 For wealth and happiness come by't ;
 But this you'll fancy *chitter chatter*,
 So let us haste to t'other matter.

Well, dull the moon was sure enough,
 The wind blew loud, and very rough ;

We tell the *atheist* and the *proud*;
 The wind blew loud, because allow'd;
 Allow'd by *him* who made all things,
 From *whom* eternal order springs,
 And those who mind not his decree,
 Act wrong---that's bad---*disorderly*.
 You'll think this axiom is a pun,
 But seriousness admits of none.

Flash went the light'ning; roll'd the thunder,
 Enough to rend the skies afunder;
 A sudden gloominess, profound,
 Spread over ev'ry village 'round;
 We hope you've sense enough to know,
 That ev'ry act will make it so;
 I mean no act from you or me,
 But actions of the *deity*;
 These things, unless by *his* permission,
 Were never done by a *Magician*:

Few, few, astrologers we know,
 Can in these *cunning* times do so;
 Which observation proves at once,
 Our fathers wiser than their sons.

This moral way we sometimes take,
 And now and then our *tale* forsake;
 But wilfully ne'er lose the sight on't,
 And certainly we're in the right on't;
 Our great ambition is to shew
 Some good in all we say or do;
 And draw from *simpleness* and *pride*,
 Those maxims which the world shou'd guide;
 And if our readers mind the plan,
 Content will always keep the van.

This said---now to our *Conjurer*,
 We deem it duty to refer;

Suffice it, as you've read before,
 By virtue of his *magic* lore,
 He so succeeded in his *spell*,
 To change her *Ladyship* to *Nell*;
 And *Nell*, as soon as you can skip,
 At once into her *Ladyship* :
 So great, so pow'rful, was the *charm*,
 That neither felt the least alarm,
 And while in sleep their eyes were clos'd,
 Each in the others bed repos'd :
 The grief of *one*, the joy of *t'other*,
 Their ignorance of one another;
One's discontent, the *other's* rapture,
 We'll talk on in the following chapter :

For he that writes must be a dunce,
 That tells ye ev'ry thing at once ;
 Or else a brilliant wit indeed,
 A title which we cannot plead.
 'Tis more than we at first intention'd,---
 So let's proceed to what we mention'd.



C H A P. VIII.

*Which intimates, that pride may have a fall;
that the imperious and arrogant may be hum-
bled, and that it is becoming of all folks to do
their duty in that station of life to which
they are called.*

TO *Jobson's* now we bring our readers;
Authors, you know, are always leaders;
This is an argument *dead hollow*;
Go where *they* will, who reads must follow;

And very oft' through *thick* and *thin*;
But we shall always pick the clean.

Now morning streak'd with grey the skies,
And industry began to rise;
His daily labour to perform,
And guard against misfortune's storm;
Not sluggard-like to spend the day,
In shameful drowiness or play;
Which some, alas, too often do;
Then rags and poverty ensue.

The merry hounds now op'd their throats,
The welkin eccho'd to their notes;
The trusty steed, of freedom proud,
For joy, was heard to neigh aloud;
And, ruddy as the face of morn,
The jolly *bunters* blew the horn;
For all the hearty and the wise,
Find health preserv'd betimes to rise:

The *bare* forsook her *form*, through fear,
 By instinct told destruction near;
 The wily *fox* too sought the wood;
 These sounds, thinks he, bode me no good:
 For be they sitting, be they running;
 All *foxes* ev'ry way are cunning;
 The tim'rous *deer* sweeps o'er the grounds,
 And dread the sylvan race confounds.
 From this world's dang'rous rocks and shelves,
 Say, who so wisely guard themselves?
 Shall it be said th' exalted race,
 Who o'er all things claim highest place;
 Shall it be said that human nature,
 The greatest work of our creator;
 That men have not the sense of brutes?
 And that most have not who disputes?
 How many wait till dangers come,
 Endeav'ring not to ward their doom?
 Nay, seemingly, as if 'twere fun,
 Into the jaws of ruin run?

Then impiously the skies upbraid
 For mis'ry their ownelves have made ?
 Yet, so 'tis said, and true it is,
 But what offence to heav'n is this !
 We all are blest with circumspection,
 To be our safe-guard, and protection ;
 And if of that we won't make use,
 Who but ourselves can we accuse ?
 All those who do not, ne'er succeed ;
 And merit all they *feel*, indeed.

Well, day appear'd,---with sudden jerk,
 Up started *Jobson* brisk for work ;
 That very instant was convey'd
 My *Lady Loverule* to his bed,
 In *Nelly's* form and homely dress,
 A little aukward you may guess ;
 That very *instant* too *Sir John*
 Arose his *Tit* to get upon,

To join the jocund hunting train,
 And scour the meadow, wood, and plain;
 And just that instant,—with apology,
 (This rather seems too like tautology)
 Then, oh ye *critics*! on be spur'd,
 To find for us another word;
 Your learned heads, as some infer,
 May find out one that's similar;
 But if ill-natur'dly you're prone,
 We'll e'en make free with what's our own:
 And so this *instant*-----*instantly*,
 And *speedily*:-----aye *speedily*,
 We tell you by the *Conjurer's* spell
 Into my *Lady's* bed jumpt *Nell*,
 And if you, *critics*, chance to doubt it,
 "About it goddess and about it."
 All those who deal in *magic art*,
 Do nought unless they do their part;
 And this all really ought to do;---
 But never mind, let us pursue;

We do not tell you what you wou'd do,
But very well know what you shou'd do.

Our *Cobbler's* was a little hutt,
Where pride wou'd scorn its head to put;
Yet, for the consequence we know,
Small shame wou'd come in doing so,
(For those endow'd with education
Can be polite in any station)
But arrogance will have its way
'Till once 'tis *pinch'd*:-----then---*lack a day!*

When *insolence* intrudes its face,
'Tis sure to meet with some disgrace;
And so, indeed, it ought to be,
Or who wou'd rev'rence *decency*?
The disrespect that's paid to *one*,
Makes brighter *t'others* beauties shewn;
And this distinction folks of spirit
Will always compliment to merit;

We mention *compliment*, because
 There's no redress by *penal* laws;
 To lash *impertinence*; 'tis trouble,
 And often ends in *bubble bubble*;
 For few each other can confute,
 When once they enter in dispute;
 "He that's convinc'd against his will,
 "Is of his own opinion still;"
 And those of sense shou'd be forbearers,
 For 'tis not relish'd by their hearers;

But this, we hope, you knew before,--
 Have patience and we'll tell you more.
 For we'll adhere, for self-defence,
 To nothing else but *common* sense;
Common it may be,--never mind it,
 You e'en must take it as you find it:
 How many works can be produc'd
 In which it never once is us'd!

Now, gentle *reader*, as you've *read* this,
 Observe the humour in our *bead-piece*;
 We do not mean our ownself's *cranny*;
 Few *Poets* now can boast of any;
 Tho' 'twas in former days a passion;
 But now entirely out of fashion;
 Save that of the ill-natured cast;
 And that's for ever like to last:
 We mean the *bead-piece* of this *chapter*,
 See how the *cunning-man* has knap'd *ber*;
Knap'd ber, whose haughtiness and pride,
 Wou'd let him not an hour reside,
 Tho' late, and comfortless the night,
 Beneath the shelter of *ber Knight*:
 This reads a lecture to *ambition*,
 Never to spurn at low condition.
 Mind, *Jobson's* at his early duty!
 This mention'd, list to something new t' ye:
 We talk'd about soliloquies;----
 Attend to *Jobson's* if you please;

'Zounds what a hurricane we've had,
 Cries *he!* howe'er I'm very glad
 Again to see the face of day;
 I thought my *cot* was blown away.
 Some *devil* has been abroad to-night,
 To plague the village out of spite;
 However *I've* no cause to grumble;
 He ha'nt hurt me, so I'm his *bumble*;
 But now to trade, to keep from falling,
 Which all must do that slight their calling;
 Tho' *Coblers seldom* low can lie,
 Because they're *seldom* lifted high.
 So knowing 'twou'd some profit bring,
 He fell to hammer and to sing;
 For he cou'd whistle, or cou'd chaunt,
 And tolerably, people grant;
 He then address'd her *Ladyship*,
 Come *Nell*, awake! get up, *hop skip*,

Lift from the pillow up thine head,
 And quick to spinning, drowsy jade !
 If I lack thread you may depend on't
 Here's *strap* in hand : so mark the end on't.

His talking so was quite discreet ;
 That way made always both *ends* meet.

At this her *Ladyship* awoke,
 And the first syllable she spoke
 Was rascal !---hey day ! who are you,
 What have you, villain, here to do ?
 Hey day ! to this he cry'd, in answer,
 The devil take this *Necromancer* ;
 Why dost not find out, faucy punk,
 He's made thee *mad* as well as *drunk* ?
 Then sung again to wave the matter,
 Not liking much her *pitter patter* ;
 Because he'd not at once be rough,
 And this was complaisant enough ;

'Tis what some husbands are inclin'd to,
 And others never have a mind to;
 Yet 'twere in ev'ry couple's favour,
 If each wou'd practice good behaviour.

We think we said *be sung* again;
 He did, and 'twas from *Chaucer's* strain;
Chaucer; the prince of antient bards,
 Whom ev'ry modern one regards;
 Not that we fancy *Jobson* ever
 Cou'd read a Poet's *labours* clever;
 But learn'd he had this song by wrote;
 Which parrot-like, he'd often quote:
 And 'twas about a man *he saith*,
 Who had a *wanton wife* at *Bath*;
 And spent her time too much in sport,
 Which made her husband sorry for't;
 And this produc'd some sort of strife,
 Howe'er she *died*-----and lost her *life*;

But by ill-treatment none can say,
 Her time was come; she 'ad had her day:
 Then, as the story says, she went
 Somewhere towards the *Firmament*;
 But who can tell if there she thrives?
 For 'tis no place for *wanton wives*;
 And so, as we before were saying,
Jobson this song was loudly braying;
 But softly;-----let's no stones be flinging,
 Instead of *braying* read it *singing*:
 At this her *Ladyship* awoke,
 Who thus indignation spoke;
 Little imagining her station,
 And dang'rous work of aggravation;
 Thou screech-owl cease that horrid noise,
 An hog has got a sweeter voice;
 Well, I've got servants; *heav'n* be thanked,
 Here *John*, *Tom*, *Harry*, bring a blanket!
 And toss this saucy scoundrel in it;
 Bring it, I say, this very minute!

Huzza! cry'd *Jobson*, pretty doing!
 (Yet still his *awl* and *last* pursuing)
 Nay many folks, as all allow,
 At once can *work* and *quarrel* now;
 E'en let 'em *quarrel*, if they will;
 For long as bus'ness stands not still.
 No mighty hurt from words is flowing,
 They only keep the *tongue* a going;
 And 'tis a *mathematic* notion,
 That *woman's* is *perpetual motion*:
 This may be wrong---for t' other day,
 'Tis said 'twas found a diff'rent way:
 It may be *truth*, tho' some may doubt it,
 So let old *women* think about it.

Ha! return'd she, he's not in bed,
 Where is my roguish husband fled?
 I'm not at home, I plainly see;
 What can the meaning of it be?

A bed of flock ; a ragged curtain ;
 I'm sure bewitch'd---'tis very certain :
 You, dirty varlet, be sincere,
 Tell me, I say, who brought me here ?
 What ! replies *Jobson*---calm enough,
 Has not thy ale by this work'd off ?
 Of all the troubles in our lives
 There's none so bad as faucy wives :
Nell, Nell, get up, or worse will hap' ;
 Thou know'st thy old acquaintance *strap* ;
 But don't let me neglect my work,
 Thy drunken petticoats to jerk ;
 Indeed a very pretty story,
 That I must rise two hours before thee !
 An't I thy husband, drowsy jade,
 Come ; rouze thyself, to *trade*, to *trade* !
 Oh, monstrous impudence ! she cries,
 How that eternal villain lies !
 My *husband*, who the devil made ye ;
 Sirrah, I'm fir *John Loverule's lady* !

For this offence I'll have you hang'd---
 I see, says *Jobson*, you'll be *bang'd*;
 And long without it cannot tarry,
 You're sir *John Loverule's lady*, are ye?
 No, *Nell*, to prattle so's all stuff,
 You're dreaming---'tis a fob, a puff;
 For, wert thou like her *ladyship*,
 I'd *lamb* thy carcase in a *whip*;
 Thou'rt saucy in all sorts of weather,
 Yet not so bad as *she* is neither;
 An *odd*, fantastick, dirty *whore*,
 That quarrels both with rich and poor;
 Not quite so bad, I must aver,
 For all the country curses her:
 Tell me, she cries,---(he work'd and laugh'd)
 Who gave me here a *sleeping draught*?
 Here *Lucy*, *Lettice*, idle jades,---
 So ho! says he, she calls her maids;

A sleeping draught---aye, Mrs. Nab,
 Thou hadst a *sleeping draught*, thou drab;
 You and the *Conjurer* told a tale,
 P--x take ye both, o'er nut-brown *ale*.
 He talks on *Conjurers*, cries my *lady*,
 Some *Conjurer* here has fure convey'd me!
 Rascal, dost know me?---instant tell?
 Know you, says *Jobson*,---pretty well;
 Or, muzzy minx, 'twixt you and I,
 Our marriage ought to be set by;
 I fancy presently you'll see,
 That I know *you*, then you'll know *me*!
 Enrag'd at this she snatch'd her *slipper*,
 And flinging gave his head a *tipper*;
 Aye, returns *Jobson*, this is clever,
 Now *strap* have at her; now or never;
 Then flinging, down his awl and last,
 He trim'd my *Lady* round the waist;
 Oh murder! dirty rogue! she cries out!
 Rascal! I'll tear your very eyes out;

Howe'er, *strap* knowing what to do,
 In half a minute brought her to ;
Jobson at this grew somewhat cooling ;
 " Come, *Nell*, let's have no longer fooling ;
 Take to thy spinning wheel, thou pufs,
 Nor give friend *strap* or me more *fufs* :
 Must I leave work ; must *he* have trouble,
 To punish you for *bubble bubble* ? "

Reader, observe our *cunning man*
 With decency pursu'd his plan ;
 For *Lady Loverule* was convey'd
 Already drest to *Jobson's* bed ;
 So that no act of love was wrought on't---
 Indeed, the *Cobler* never thought on't.

Well : brought by dint of *strap* to feel,
 My *Lady* took the spinning wheel ;
 And *Jobson*, jocund as the spring,
 Sat down again to work and sing.

Self-fatisfied with his condition,
 For even *Coblers* have ambition :
 The monarch, on his throne, says he,
 Is not a greater man than me ;
 And of all callings, 'tis confest,
 A *Cobler's* is the happiest ;
 Misfortune on him ne'er can frown,
 He ne'er can lower tumble down ;
 Success may other trades forsake,
 But when were *Coblers* known to break ?
 We, we enjoy the merriest lives ;
 We've nought to plague us but our wives ;
 And when their tongues they will not hold,
 But taunt, and fling, and rail, and scold ;
 And on the verge of madness border,
 We've got a cure for that disorder ;
 A never failing remedy ;—
 To sense *strap* brings 'em presently ;
 This said, his head he chanc'd to whip
 Around, to view her *Ladyship* :

Who never being us'd to spinning,
 Knew neither ending, or beginning;
 So, void of thread, or any matter,
 Made the wheel jumble *clitter-clatter*.

Hey *Nell*, cries *Jobson*, what the devil!

Art thou posses't by spirit *evil*?

Must discipline again begin?

The jade has quite forgot to spin!

Can I, says she, forget to do

A bus'ness, which I never knew?

Tho', rogue, I can't make you resistance,

I in the town may find assistance;

By others get your spinning done,

You'll find I ha'nt forgot to run:

So, flinging down the crazy wheel,

She forward push'd, with nimble heel;

How's this? cry'd *Crispin*,-- lo, she flies!

But I'll o'ertake her in a trice;

And lamb her for her insolence;

The hussy sure has lost all sense!

But she shall have her full desert ;
 Come, *strap*, and take thy master's part :
 Thus saying, after her he run-----
 Anon we'll tell you what was done.

How many tools, for various use,
 Mechanic people can produce !
 Each diff'rent branch wants diff'rent tools,
 As judgment guides, or fancy rules ;
 Some trades require a capital,
 And some can do with none at all ;
 We do not mean without a trifle,
 Who has not that must pass his life ill ;
 We speak it by comparifon,
 For very few e'er thriv'd by none ;
 A *Cobler* wants a portion small,
 Give him a *Lap-stone*, *Strap* and *Awl*,
 His fortune's made :---but which of these
 Contributes mostly to his ease ?
 The *Strap*, no doubt---so *Jobson* found it,
 Nay, *Nell* his *spoufy* ne'er disown'd it.



C H A P. IX.

*Demonstrating, that put haughtiness in one scale,
and humility in the other, we mean the scales
of reason, that this will out-weigh that, and
be much nearer to happiness.*

WE mention'd *happiness*----alas!
“ All human flesh is only grass”

So says the scripture---’tis no *libel*,
At least we hope,---to quote the *bible*;

And yet we've lately had of late,
 (We *prate* as many *writers prate*)
 Hoping authorities to bring
 Our right to *prate* while others *sing*;
Sing, as they call it, let 'em *sing* so,
 E'en let 'em write ding dong dong ding so:
 Pity they won't their thoughts explain,
 But let 'em *sing* again, again:
 And let in court the Lawyers chatter,
 We'll talk about our own *right's* matter;
 For this our *privilege* we plead,
 'Tis ours to *write*; 'tis yours to *read*;
 By *aēt* of *parliament* of *letters*,
 We tell this truth, e'en to our betters;
 But if you'd have it *litigated*,
 (A method which we ever hated)
 E'en speak your mind we'll try our *laws*,
 Nay, BEARDMORE'S *self* will plead our cause;
 You think us *poor*---but know *his* heart
 Takes gen'rously the *pauper's* part:

Oft' have I seen him in the court,
 An author's consequence support ;
 Protect the cause of liberty,
 Nay, set imprison'd Britons free ;
 And bold ; untutor'd to dissemble,
 Make th' o'erbearing *counsel* tremble ;
 So if the pow'r of *law* you'd feel,
 Observe with whom you've got to deal :
 Howe'er we'll compromise the bus'ness,
 Nor give *ourselves*, or *you* uneasiness ;
 For be it known to each peruser,
 In *law* the *gainer's* oft' the *loser* ;
 And this is really orthodox,
 Altho' it seems a paradox :
Authors and *readers* should agree---
 Here contest ends 'twixt you and me ;
 So now we'll bid this *case* farewell,
 And haste away to happy *Nell*.
 Happy we call her ; we'll not vary ;
 'Twill prove, alack, but *temporary* ;

And so's all earthly happiness,
 Tho' all partake it---*more* or *less* :
 What's grandeur? only pageantry ;
 But tell us when the blind could see ?
 And then we'll tell you in a trice,
 That all are *wise*, aye, *wond'rous wise* ;
 Nay, so they are ;---if so they think ;
 But we'll at others' foibles wink ;
 For in *philosophy* 'tis known
 We've got *a many* of our own ;
 And very few cou'd e'er espy
 The *mote* that's in another's eye ;
 But in the matter we write here,
 'Tis hop'd our readers will see clear ;
 For we should think ourselves benighted,
 To moralize to the dull-sighted ;
 Nay, with purblind we've nought to do,
 And so our story we'll pursue ;
 What we indite is to the *wise*,
 Maugre what blockheads may surmise ;

Nay with purblind we've nought to do;
 And so our story we'll pursue;
 What we indite is to the *wise*,
 Maugre what blockheads may surmise;
 And while the *wise* approve our plan;
 Let such condemn us;---if they can.
 Reason this inf'rence justly draws;
 Their censure is our best *applause*.

Now in the damask bed we find
Nelly, in pompous state reclin'd;
 With grand ideas fast asleep,
 In all things like her *ladyship*:
 But soft, she wakes:---let's listen, pray,
 Aye, thus methinks I hear her say:
 What pleasing dreams I've had to-night!
 What boundless prospects of delight!
 Methought to Paradise I went,
 Where pleasure must have full extent;

G

All odorif'rous flow'rs were springing,
 And all the birds of music singing;
 Were I to trace the flow'ry fields;
 Smell all the fragrance nature yields;
 Or search the bow'r, or genial grove,
 The soft recess of tender love,
 I ne'er should find so sweet a place:---
 It puts my senses in amaze:
 And by my side so kind a man!
 That equal him no husband can:
 I surely am not *dreaming* now!
 I died last night; it must be so;
 And went to heav'n all in a minute;
 I'm wide awake, and still am in it:
 These sheets seem sarc'net to my eyes;
 What various fragrant scents arise!
 And what prodigious finery's here!
 Are these the things which I'm to wear?
 Are silks, and rich embroidery,
 Proper to be put on by me?

I'm still in bed---but up I will,
 'Tis all a *dream* I fancy still :
 It may be so : but 'tis so clever,
 I wish to slumber thus for ever.

This, as we said, is our conjecture,
 Was to herself her curtain lecture ;
 Not such an one as in some houses,
 I've known some wives bestow their spouses ;
 No : 'twas the *Conjurer's* transaction,
 That made her talk through satisfaction ;
 And when such sudden fortune comes
 To *fools*, and those they call *bum-drums*,
 'Tis quite a fact,---there's none can doubt it ;
 But that they'll prate, and brag about it ;
 Our *Nell* was not so odd an elf ;
 She only chatter'd to herself ;
 Which is an *item* to the rest,
 Not to become the public jest ;

Yet ev'ry day we so may find it;
 We can but laugh ;---so never mind it.

Tho' fate shou'd wear an angry brow,
 And fortune little help allow ;
 Let ev'ry one on such 'occasion,
 Come to a self-examination ;
 And try by reason's sober laws,
 Of such a destiny the cause ;
 Whether 'tis not for want of sense,
 Brought on by some extravagance ;
 If so: such punishment's design'd
 To scourge the folly of the mind ;
 Yet such shou'd give despondence o'er,
 Cheer up ;---and never do so more ;
 And those that can be self-forgiv'n,
 Shou'd bear content the lot of heav'n :

We'll give this short digression o'er,---
 Next page says what's not said before.

X
Tell in her Ladyship's Morning Dress and Lucy attending her Commands



CHAP. X.

Proving that affability and good manners, are preferable to ill-nature and impertinence; that even ignorance will sometimes gain advantage over what is call'd polite education; and that a Cobler's wife may find a method to make herself better respected by all folks about her, than even the lady of a Knight or Baronet.

HOW few, alas; whate'er their station,
 Will ponder on their situation;

Alas! we say, for pride pursuing,
 Always pursued its own undoing;
 But *Nell*, that's our *Nell*, better thought,
 Tho' from *low* state to grandeur brought;
 And 'twou'd be right 'twixt me and you,
 If other *Nells* wou'd do so too;
 True greatness all the world can see,
 Exists in affability:
 This may be done, if folks would think right,
 And grandeur rather gain than lose by't;
 Poor *Nell* was of the same opinion,
 Tho' widely out of her dominion.

Well, *Lucy*, now my *lady's* maid,
 As usual 'tended at her bed;
 But little dreaming of the change,
 Which was so strange, so very strange!
 More than by thought can be express'd,
 She thus her own dear-self address'd:
 " The devil sure would be afraid
 To be a lady's waiting-maid !

Now must I set that tongue at work,
 Which has less mercy than a Turk;
 For ever scolding; ever stunning,
 And like the tide incessant running;
 But I'm resolv'd to give her warning;
 Aye, that I will! to-morrow morning:
 Sooner than stay, as law engages,
 I'll give her up a whole month's wages;
 Some other fool my place may purchase;
 There's more they say than parish churches;
 My duty tho' is to attend her,
 And that I'll do---the deuce may mend her:
 So saying---madam, ma'm she cries,
 What *Nelly* says in great surprize;
 Does that fine lady come to me?
 What shall I say? oh, gemini!

Poor people *wear* such terms about 'em,
 Nay, not the rich will do without 'em;

We own 'tis not immediate swearing,
 Yet better 'tis to be forbearing;
 Such sayings border oft' on evil;
 A cunning way to cheat the devil,
 But can you think you cheat him?—no;
 He's much too wise to have it so;
 And odd it seems, tho' may be true,
 That he should have more sense than you;
 Let those who think not so—think still,
 The time is coming when they will:
 'Tis not the error of the tongue;
 The heart must pay for all that's wrong;
 But quere expressions oft' we see,
 By custom chang'd to blasphemy;
 Howe'er to be so long from *Nell*,
 We're sorry, but we left her well;
 No wickedness was in her heart,
 Therefore we'll always take her part;
 Discretion bids both you and me
 To wink at pure simplicity.

Howe'er thinks *Nell* I'll play my part,
 And so 'twas " what dost say *sweetheart* ?
Sweetheart, thought *Lucy*, in her mind,
 The only place our thoughts to find ;
 Tho' some affirm they're in the head,
 Well so they say ; and so 'tis said ;
 But still I'm sure 'twou'd give great pains,
 To find e'en there some people's brains :

We told you *Nelly* spoke *sweetheart* :
 This word made fearful *Lucy* start :
Sweetheart ! says she, her temper's alter'd,
 At whore or jade she never faulter'd ;
 La ! such a turn I never knew ;
 I hardly now know what to do ;
 But I must speak, as one may say ;
 Pray, ma'm ; what gown d'ye wear to-day ?
 And if your *Ladyship* thinks fit,
 What ruffles wou'd you have me get ?
 How's this, says *Nell* ?---I'm in my senses,
 At least I think so ;---what pretences

Have I to wear such *finery* ?
 It surely can't fit well on me ;
 But as the *cunning-man* foretold,
 My fortune's made ;---I must be bold :
 Howe'er I might appear a dunce,
 To have these things *tack'd* on at once :
 For what concern have I with pride ?
 This by the by she spoke aside :
 'Then in a louder tone, tho' mild,
 She cry'd observe my orders, child ;
 I'll wear if you think proper, pray,
 The things I put on yesterday :
 How's this ? thinks *Lucy*, thunder-struck,
 Here's an amazing turn of luck !
 Was any thing e'er so uncommon ?
 My *Lady's* quite another woman ;
 Her temper's alter'd, on my life !
 How sudden peace takes place of strife !
 Give warning ? no :---while thus her ways,
 I'll serve her, even all my days :

She made a curt'sy, and withdrew ;
 What follow'd let us now go to.

However, if you'll give permission,
 (We'll finish it with expedition)

Let us reflect what oddities,
 In tempers ev'ry hour one sees ;

Nay, not so long ; oft' ev'ry minute ;
 Who proves a negative again it ?

Indeed, 'tis said the female mind
 Is more than man's to change inclin'd ;

'Tis all a farce :---so weak's our frame,
 The male or female mind's the same ;

Each prone, on any slight occasion,
 To have an instant alteration :

A frown, a smile, a blow, a bow,
 Can turn a temper any how.

This *Lucy* proves :----for but just now
 " 'Twas go I will ; I will I vow."

Yet when she found things went so clever,
 Her tone was chang'd ;---she'd stay for ever ;

What good, says she, is got by changing,
From this to t'other service ranging?

None I believe; but rather loss,
"A rolling-stone ne'er gathers moss."

To find her ladyship so kind,
Stagger'd her fortitude of mind;
So frail is ev'ry resolution

We mean to put in execution:

What's a resolve where int'rest lies?
Like chaff before the gale it flies.

Lucy imagin'd ev'ry day,

Some present wou'd be in the way,

A cast-off gown, some Mecklin lace,

Ruffles, caps, handkerchiefs, to grace

Her,---when she went abroad;

Which ignorant country folks applaud;

Her lady, ne'er so kind before

She knew wou'd give her these, or more:

And so to quit her place was loth-----

Now let us overtake them both.

II
Lucy meeting Lettice on $\frac{5}{7}$ Stairs.



C H A P. XI.

*Shewing that when People, accustomed to be tire-
some and fractious, unexpectedly return to com-
placency, and good-temper (in which it is in-
cumbent for ev'ry one to be, tho' but few are
so) that they win the esteem and endearment of
all about them.*

WOMEN, 'tis said, delight in prattle,
And men condemn their tittle tattle ;

Yet most of them commit the same ;
 Then why's the sex so much to blame ?
 Why not enjoy their *tea* diversion,
 That's simple *chat* without aspersions ?
 Reciprocally conversation
 Among the wife, helps education ;
 Chases the vapours far away,
 And brighter makes a gloomy day :
 To *tea* some husbands are beholding,
 It saves 'em from their wives a *scolding* ;
 Yet some wives---'faith it makes one smile,
 Can sip and wrangle all the while ;
 Know all the neighbourhood's concern,
 But take no heed their own to learn ;
 And *scandal*, at a pretty rate,
 Makes *this* and *that*, and *t'other* prate ;
 When so it haps' all must agree,
 That bad effects result from *tea* :
 But when with decency and care
 They talk about what people are ;

Rather secreting faults they hear,
 Than in detraction persevere;
 Rather reproving those that rail,
 And double ev'ry idle tale;
 To torture any's reputation,
 Which seldom has on truth foundation;
 I say, whenever such unite,
 'Tis but an innocent delight.

Then why the charming sex controul?
 If they've their *tea-pot*, we've our *bowl*:
 As *this* is *ours*, and *theirs* is *that*,
 What is it else but *tit for tat*?

Where pride and grandeur hold their court,
Scandal is certain to resort;
 And downward from my *Lord* or *Lady*,
 E'en to the scullion, all are ready,
 Either for mischief or for fun,
 To meddle with what folks have done;
 But gen'rally 'tis on infractions,
 Few seldom mention good transactions;

The world is so polite and civil,
 Good fame can't fly so fast as evil;
 This shews malevolence of mind;
 Yet that 'tis so we daily find.
 These maxims sir *John Loverule* knew,
 As worthy men will learn to do;
 (For if mechanic, squire, or knight,
 All shou'd adhere to what is right)
 He lov'd his men and maids to see
 In friendship, glee, and harmony;
 And all obtain'd his approbation,
 If happy in their situation;
 Yet punctually to honour nice,
 Wou'd ne'er promote nor pardon vice;
 Ne'er lean his ear his peace to baulk,
 To know what each of each would talk;
 But if it came to *say* and *say*,
 In families a common way,
 At once, to keep the rest content,
 He paid their wages; ---off they went;

With good advice, to take more care,
 And of such silly ways beware :
 Hence, giving such a good example,
 His *servants* all pursu'd the sample ;
 Thus in all circumstances trusty,
 They each to each were never musty ;
 And if some good event was found,
This told it *that* ; and joy went round.

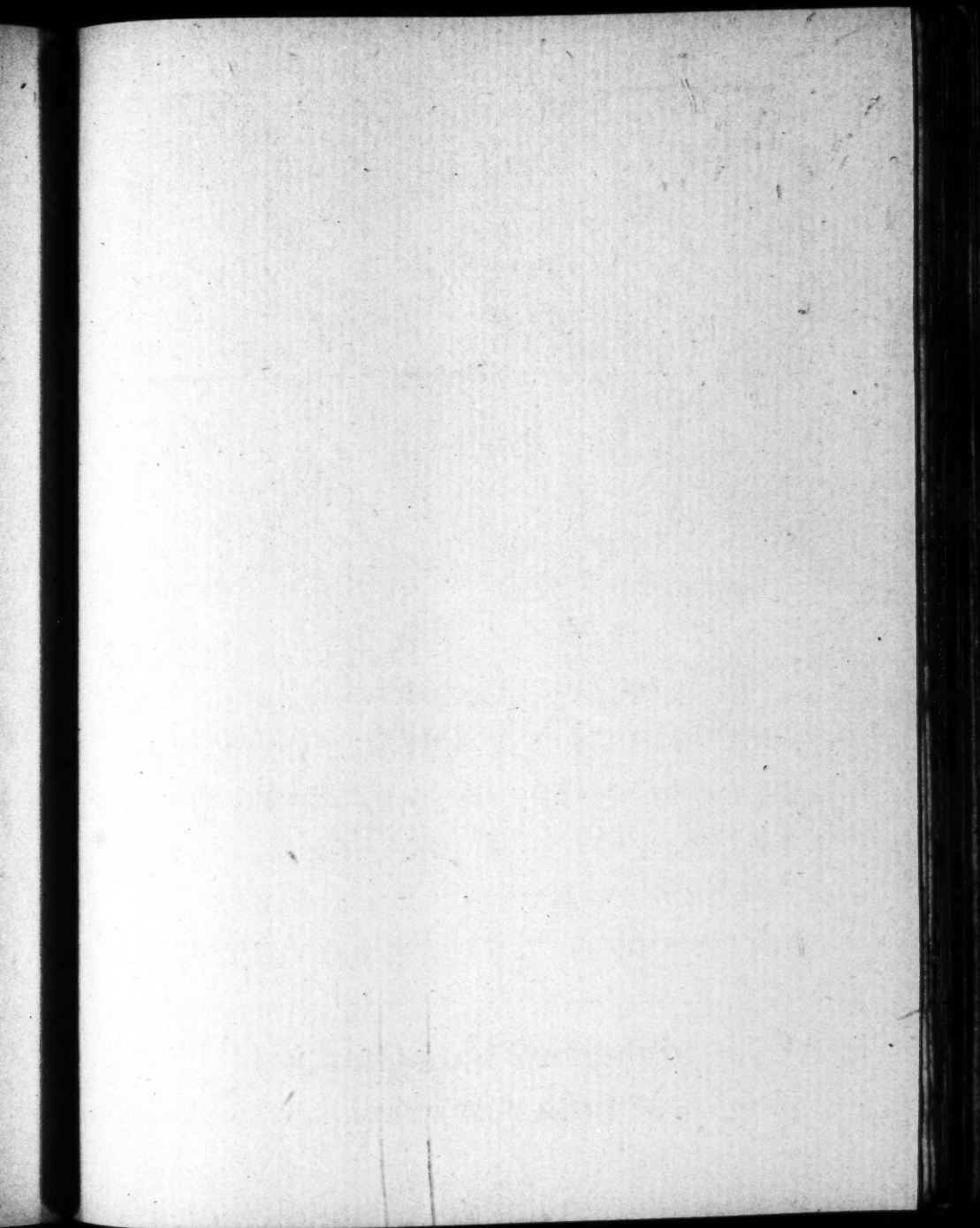
Lucy, we said, withdrew before,
 With great encouragement in store,
 In ev'ry fellow-servant's favour,
 About her *Ladyship's* behaviour ;
 To set the wheel of joy agoing ;
 All to this odd transiſion owing ;
 And on the *ſtair-caſe*, as you ſee't,
Lettice the firſt ſhe chanc'd to meet ;
 (We mean you'll ſee it in the print,
 At which we hope you'll take a ſquint)

H

And being glad, as some folks are,
 That others happiness shou'd share;
 Poor *Lucy*, there's no cause to doubt it,
 Was quite with egg to talk about it;
 'Twere well if all wou'd act so too,
 'Tis practic'd tho' by very few;
Lettice, for ladies have their maids,
 For various use, as pride persuades;
This makes the nick'ry-nack in haste;
 And *that's* to put it on in taste;
 (Ambition always doats on shining,
 Tho' discontent's the body-lining;
 For all their gems, and frippery,
 Much happier's plain simplicity.)
 Well, so the part of *Lettice* was
 To mind silks, cambricks, laces, gauze;
 In short, whate'er she wish'd to wear;
 A sort of fam'ly millener.

Lucy, we say, upon the *stair-case*,
 Met *Lettice*---'twas a very fair-case,





Gr

B

XIII
Lucy introducing the Butler to Lady Nell.



C H A P. XIII.

Giving a hint, that one servant in a family, if a favourite, can conduce either to the uneasiness or tranquility of the rest :---that a lady's woman can have her lady's ear on this side, and the other ear on t'other side : from which the antient saying came of----Jack on both sides.

EACH waiting maid has got the art,
To captivate her lady's heart ;

And ev'ry one can *pitter patter*,
 'Bout this, or that, or any matter;
 Which may be false, or may be true,
 But either's nought to me or you;
 They've got a pretty flow of words;
 Such as no *dicton'ry* affords;
 For to the curious, well 'tis known,
 All *chambermaids* compile their own;
 Indeed some *dictionary* folks,
 Have stole choice *phrases* for their books
 From them;---but that they scorn to mind,
 They've got a thousand more behind;
 They'll shorten words, if 'casion be;
 Or lengthen them *augmentally*;
 Some writers only say augment;
 But all the *learned* will dissent;
 And others, sure not in their senses,
 Indite *pretence* 'stead of *pertences*;
 Instead of *fictious* write *fictitious*,
 To seem pedantic, and capricious;

Argumentation is the word,
 Some call it argument---absurd!
 Yet when did *ladies maids* do so?
 No---thank ye, they much better know.

To all the *critics* in the nation,
 We leave this case for arbitration:
 Yet not without this friendly hint,
 That ev'ry *Author* who wou'd print,
 (We do not mean wou'd work at press,
 Tho' by it most might wave distress;
 Which is their nat'ral right, no doubt,
 And of it few are cheated out:)
 We mean to those of fertile brain,
 Who for the public favour strain;
 Who blest with genius all-refin'd,
 Wou'd please, and edify mankind;
 As friend shou'd always counsel friend,
 To such our good advice we lend;

Never to be to *pilf'ring* prone,
And let all *chambermaids* alone.

Reader, we for your patience pray;
We're much afraid we've lost our way:
Who leads another *in* a wood,
Shou'd lead him out on't, or it's rude:
Some writers are in this to blame;
We have not room for ev'ry name;
To coax you into 't is their plan;
Get out as well as e'er you can.
But we ne'er practise such delusion;
So waving any more intrusion,
We think the road is pretty plain;
We'll back to *Loverule* hall again.

Now, gentle reader, think we're come
Once more to *lady Nelly's* room;
We call it so;--hope no transgression;
Th' eleventh point of law's possession:
Observe her elegance and state,
How she attends to *Lucy's* prate;

A *rigmarole* of *that* and *this*,
 Of *master* such-a-one and *miss*:
 Which *Nell* was ignorant about,
 Yet deem'd it kind to hear her out;
 And scarcely knowing what to do,
 Cry'd now and then, *true*, very *true*.
 T' amuse, with chat, was *Lucy's* aim,
 'Till all the other servants came;
 In hopes to keep her disposition,
 In the same amiable condition;
 Dreading that a relapse might come,
 And prove her tale indeed a *hum*.

The *Cook*, we told you, went in haste,
 To tell his brethren what had past;
 Requesting each, whate'er his station,
 To run and give his approbation,
 Of what himself had seen already,
 His alter'd, sweet good-natur'd *lady*:

The *Butler* laugh'd, still unbelieving,
 You wag, says he, what still deceiving?
 The *maids* and you have lost your wits;
 These I suppose are *laugking* fits?
 But go I wi l---and if 'tis fun,
 I'll bear a grudge for all that's done;
 No cellar bottle e'er shall stray;
 Remember, *lickspit*, what I say.

Now whipping up his *order's* token,
 A *napkin* call'd ;---for void of joking,
 Tho' *Butlers* mayn't be men of letters;
 Their pride they copy from their betters;
 Without his *star*, who'd know a duke?
 A common man as well might look;
 Without his *symbol*, what's a mason?
 Any may put as good a face on;
 So void of *napkin*---true it is so,
 A *Butler* won't appear he is so:
 Few go without it; 'tis allow'd,
 And of it not a little proud:

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So, as we said,---pray don't dispute one;
Under his arm our *Butler* put one:

Now view him in my *lady's* room;
Ma'm, *Lucy* cries, the *Butler's* come;
To ask, my *lady* in his way,
What your commands may be to-day:
Pray, Mr. *Butler*, *Nell* rejoin'd,
When breakfast comes in, be so kind
To let me have some table-beer.---
He star'd; amaz'd, such words to hear;
What, Mr. *Butler* call'd, thinks he!
'Tis an amazing prodigy!
No termagance; no Billingsgate;
Nor nothing tilted at my pate;
I'm turn'd to stone, indeed I am;
I find the girls now didn't sham:
Madam, says he, I greatly fear,
'Twill make you sick to drink small-beer;

'Twill chill your stomach I durst say,
 My lady, at this time of day :
 'Tis much too soon, if right I think,
 For those like you, to taste malt drink ;
 'Tis not my province to advise ;
 Your *ladyship* is good and wise :
 Yet tho', as any one may say,
 'Tis your's to order, mine t' obey,
 I'm not to see my *lady* sick
 Through what I bring *her*, no---old *Nick* :
 Madam suppose you sip some sack,
 Or if you please frontiniac ;
 Either I apprehend more meet
 With what you're now inclin'd to eat.
 Wond'rous, cry'd *Nell*, what names are those ?
 Howe'er I won't myself expose ;
 So turning round, as 'twere with ease,
 " Good Mr. *Butler* what you please ;"
 He made his exit decently---
 Then on the landing-place says he,

Why what the deuce can be the matter ?

'Twas ev'ry day all *clitter clatter* ;

This call'd a rogue ; that had a curse,

But now my *lady's* quite reverse :

Indeed, a moment if we descant,

We're sure to find the very best can't,

Let it be any sort of weather,

Keep in one mind an hour together :

We blame the *fair* for variation,

Tho' quite as frail, by demonstration ;

Reflection tells, from morn to night,

We seldom long continue right ;

Perhaps a wife may chance to scold,

Or some unpleasing news be told ;

Then what an instantaneous skip

From free good-humour to the *bip* :

Nay let the tooth-ach give a hint,

We're all unhing'd---“ the devil's in't ;”

And this, by daily observation,
Without the art of *conjurat*ion.

Well, now the butler met the *Coachman*,
You *whip*! he cries, come here--approach man;
Run up, and be rejoic'd, you *thief*,
Your *lady's* alter'd past belief;
Hey! *coachby* cried, a pretty *rigg*!
There's all the *kitchen* on their *gigg*;
And you I find among the rest,
Must chime in, to compleat the jest?
So Mr. *Butler* I'm a tool,
Which some, for shortness, call a *fool*?
And *learned* people term a *Zany*;
The proverb says that *one* makes many.

I let what will come she must be ruler;
And go I will---the devil cool her;
There surely must be something in it;---
The rest we'll tell you, in a minute.

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XIV
Lucy introducing the Coachman to Lady Nell.



C H A P. XIV.

Exhibiting a farther proof of lady Nell's good-nature, the resignation of Lucy, as mistress of the ceremonies, and the astonishment of Will the coachman.

THE Coachman, as we said already,
 Intended waiting on my lady;
 And now observe him humbly stand,
 To mind her orders, *whip* in hand:

Madam, said *Lucy*, here's the *Coachman*,
 (Then turning cry'd you'll not encroach man;
 You'll never have another scolding;
 For this you're all to *me* beholden)
 My *lady*, he requests to know
 Your pleasure, what you'd have him do.
 Oh, answer'd *Nell*, good *Coachman*, pray,
 Inform me what you've got to say;
 I shou'd, my lady, *Will* reply'd,
 Be glad to know in which you'd *ride*;
 If you're dispos'd to take the air,
 The coach, the chariot, or the chair:
 Why, honest *Coachman*, *Nell* rejoin'd,
 If I must really speak my mind,
 I always love to sit at ease,
 I'll have the coach then---if you please.

As when a creditor can boast
 A debt receiv'd, he fancy'd lost;
 As when a debtor goes to pay,
 And finds the party run away;

Or *Molly* meeting with her *tar*,
 Whom *seas* made sep'rate long, and far;
 So much amaz'd poor *William* stands,
 With staring eyes and lifted hands;
Gee-ho, thinks he!---aye,---this will do;
 There's not a *cross-road* to go through;
 And yet, about an hour ago,
 I swore I'd stop, and cry out *wo*;
 But now as ne'er a *rut* I find,
 I'll drive my *lady* 'till she's blind:
 Then bowing lowly he withdrew,
 For joy scarce knowing what to do;
 And now her morning bus'ness done,
Lucy left *lady Nell* alone:
 Who thus began to contemplate,
 Upon her fortune, and her fate:
 I was, said she, a *Cobler's* wife,
 Who in a cottage led my life;
 A short-ear'd cap I us'd to wear,
 And in a plain stuff-gown appear;

The live-long day to spin was found,
 If not, the *strap* my waist went 'round;
 Yet *Jobson* was not much to blame,
 He work'd----'twas mine to do the same;
 But, lo, how alter'd is the scene!
 Grandeur has conquer'd what was mean;
Holland and *silks* the place have got,
 Of *dowlas*, *stuffs*, and lord knows what;
 Now first of all I'll learn to write,
 And then to read, and be polite;
 Upon the *musics* too I'll play,
 And briskly drive the hours away.

My fingers I can *shuffle* quick,
 I make no doubt to get the *trick*;
 And then I'll learn the way to *sing*,
 For there's a slight in every *thing*;
 Nay I have heard that country folks,
 For all some other people's jokes,
 Have oft' at *London* been desir'd
 To *sing*, and very much admir'd;

And surely I may do as well,
 Altho' my *christ'ning* name is *Nell*.
 And when I *London* town am in,
 I'll go and *see* the *king* and *queen*;
 With dukes and dutchesses resort,
 And share the splendour of the court.
 Then when I cleverly can dance,
 I'll take a little *Tower* to *France*;
 As most fine *gentle-people* do;
 Aye, *lady Nell* shall travel too;
 And in my lace and diamonds drest,
 I'll shine as *flaming* as the best.

Thus *Nelly* spoke with innocence,
 From which we'll draw this inference:
 That put, whate'er their occupation,
 Most persons in a higher station,
 Their want of knowledge makes 'em hit,
 On schemes for which they're quite unfit;
 Not that we blame our *Nell* for this,
 She knew no better---'t wan't amiss,

Besides 'twas all the *Conjurer's* doing;
 She was but his advice pursuing;
 Her ignorance was her protection,
 She meant according to direction;
 And ev'ry one that does the same,
 Ne'er can with justice come to *blame*.

Yet, through depravity of mind,
 We often, much too often, find
 The *guiltless* for the *guilty* smart,
 And past a *Necromancer's* art,
 Or all the eloquence of tongue,
 To tell us which is *right*, or *wrong*.

This said;---permit us to get on,
 And speak a word about *sir John*.
 Into whose pleasing company,
 We'll introduce you presently;
 That is if you're inclin'd to read,
 Or else we can't;---we can't indeed.

The Butler and other Servants congratulating Sir John on his happy Change of his life.



CHAP XV.

Sir John Loverule's return from the chace; the eagerness of all the servants to convey him the news of his lady's unexpected reformation; and other particulars, as the show-bills say, too tedious here to mention.

RETURN'D from pleasures of the chace,
 With ruddy wholesomeness of face,
 Kept up alone by exercise,
 A method practis'd by the wise;

A fav'rite dog or two behind him,
Behold *sir John*!---I'm sure you'll find him.

Observe him in the spacious hall,
The merry servants one and all;
Running, as suits their occupation,
To meet him with congratulation;
And greet him, that her ladyship
Had made so suddenly a skip,
From tyranny, abuse, and satire,
To perfect amiable good-nature;
What joy's in ev'ry look display'd!
We'll now inform you what they said.

The *Butler*, foremost, thus began:
Oh, dear *sir John*! oh, happy man!
Such wond'rous news, so good, so great,
Such an unlook'd-for turn of fate,
'Tis true, indeed, sir;---glorious work,
Or may I never draw a cork:
Hush, *Butler*, *Lucy* cry'd, you're weak,
Han't I, pray, got a tongue to speak?

Sir John, upon my word 'tis fact,
 There never was so strange an act;
 If e'er you heard so much before,
 I'll never dress a lady more;
 Cries *Lettice* to th' astonish'd knight,
 What *Lucy* says, *sir John*, is right,
 Or may I never gain applause,
 Whene'er I work with *lace* or *gauze*:
 Nor I, says *Cook*, as I'm a sinner,
 Whene'er I dress your honour's *dinner*:
Wo, cry'd the *Coachman*, let me speak,
 May the next *filly* that I *break*,
 Break my own neck with vicious trip,
 And I no longer smack a whip,
 If, as my fellow servants know,
 Your worship won't get on *gee-ho*.

The *footmen* and the *maids* behind,
 Were rushing in to speak their mind,

When thus *sir John*, with wonder, spoke:---
 Be silent---what, is order broke?
 You're all amaz'd; you're all o'erjoy'd;
 Yet not a tongue has been employ'd
 To tell me whence this transport rises;
 I hear of nothing but surprizes:
 Tell me at once, I say----be steady,---
 Oh, sir, cry'd *Lucy*, oh, my lady.
 What is she dead? the knight then cry'd,
 Dead! heav'n forbid! they all reply'd;
 She's grown so sweet, so good a creature,
 Her mind is chang'd in ev'ry feature,
 To match our lady's words and smiles
 There's none within a thousand miles.

Well, says *sir John*, I'll step and see
 The bottom of this mystery;
 And, if 'tis evidently true,
 I shall rejoice as much as you:
 Thus saying, gladly all dispers'd;---
 What follow'd next shall be rehears'd.

XVI
The Rapture of Sir John and behaviour of Lady Nell.



C H A P. XVI.

Hinting, that some folks would be as much surpriz'd as Nell, to view themselves in a mirror mentally as she was externally; few paying so much regard to their inward as to their outward acquisitions.

NOW, in a chamber where the heart,
That doats upon the works of art,

Wou'd feel, as 'twere by inspiration,
 The bliss that flows from contemplation;
 Behold our lady *Nelly* sitting,
 Her former station not forgetting;
 But ere to speak we make her come,
 Let's take a walk about the room.

Sir *John*, we said, more priz'd the sports
 Of rural life, than those of courts;
 But yet, through education's part,
 Lov'd to encourage true desert;
 The greatest bards his study grac'd;
 His rooms in *pictures* prov'd his *taste*;
 He was not fond of things *antique*,
 Or *antick* as great judges speak;
 His favour modern worth procures;
 So damn him all ye *connoisseurs*!
 Who live by *varnishing* and *lining*;
 Less vers'd in *painting* than *designing*.

Here *Hogarth*, with his comic scenes,
 Which *Genius* terms her ever-greens;

Here *Hayman*, foremost in his walk,
 Who bids his *compositions* talk;
Reynolds, for boldness sure to strike,
 And *Cotes*; so delicately like;

Here *Middleton*, of modest worth,
 Whom *Flora* favour'd from his birth;
 And bade each flow'r that decks the land,
 To bud and bloom at his command.
 With many more, of brilliant name,
 Were in their *works* consign'd to fame;
 Nor was in *Titian's* art alone,
 Sir *John* for understanding known;
 Sculpture, engraving, won his mind,---
 There *Wilton*; here an *Houston* shin'd:

Houston, whose yet unrival'd bays,
 PITT to posterity displays:

The little dabblers ev'ry day
 That *scrape* and *scratch* their time away;

Compar'd to him are *musbrooms* quite,
Which spring at morn and die at night.

Woollett, Strange, Grignion,—fifty more,
Here prov'd their merits o'er and o'er;
And here we tell you *Nelly* fat,
Conversing thus in private chat :
Private it was, you needs must own,
When spoken to herself alone :
The wond'rous *cunning-man*, says she,
Has surely kept his word with me ;
But in a state so grand and new,
I really know not what to do :
I look'd this moment in the glass ;
Lord ! what a gay-dress'd thing I was ;
Nought like what I appear'd before,
At *Zekel's*, on the cupboard door ;
But *rich* folks deal in handsome glasses ;
The *poor's* reflect just like their faces.

Her observation here was right ;
The poor are in a wretched plight :

They need no *looking-glass* to know it ;
 Their circumstances clearly shew it ;
Within, without, too plain they see
 The bad effects of *poverty* :
 But, who's of *poverty* the maker ?
 The *brewer*, *butcher*, and the *baker* ;
 For which they lack the hangman's lash,
 At the cart's tail to cut a dash.
 The *Lord* of *nature*, ever kind,
 Prepares for *body* and for *mind* ;
 For *that* the *earth* affords us food ;
 For *this* with *reason* we're endu'd ;
 But shall such miscreants be the cause,
 Against divine and human laws,
 To be perverters of his will ?---
 They always were ; and are so still :
 But CAMDEN lives, and who can doubt it ?
 But soon he'll tell a tale about it :

His heart is open to distress;
He only *judges* to-----redress.

Yet, when were *mortals'* wants supply'd?

All go to bed dissatisfy'd :

And shou'd kind fortune give 'em store,

They still wou'd want a *little more*.

Thus, reader, we've digress'd awhile,
In poetry a sort of stile;

Which stops us in the *plain path-way*

Of what we meant to *do* and *say* :

But you'll forgive us---- we'll go on ;

And so to *Nelly* and sir *John*.

Now shifting off his hunting dress,
Sir *John*, with blissful eagerness,

Approach'd, of lady *Nell* to know,

Whether the change prov'd fact or no ;

But, reader, ere we shew their meeting,

We think it requisite and fitting,

To *Jobson's* humble *cot* to run,---

Next page has got some little fun.

XVI
The Efficacy of Strap & submissiveness of Lady Loverule.



C H A P. XVII.

Which brings our readers to Jobson's hovell, and our real lady Loverule, on sight of her friend strap, to milder behaviour.

FROM tramping all the village 'round,
Where not a person cou'd be found,
But had her ladyship forgot,
Observe her now in Jobson's cot;
Too plainly I discern, says she,
That there's a deep conspiracy

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Contriv'd against me---devil rot 'em!
My wicked husband's at the bottom;
Am I, from birth, a lady bred,
To harbour in a *Gobler's* shed?
The people think me raving mad,
No soul believ'd a word I said;
I told 'em I was lady *Love-rule*,
They one and all cry'd lady *Love-fool*;
You'd better mind your *wheel*, I trow,
And home to husband *Jobson* go;
Than gadding thus in dirty trim;
He'll strap you for this frantic whim:
And here the villain comes again;
'Tis sure enough to turn my brain;
I'll have him hang'd without dispute;
At present tho' I must be mute;
She spoke;---and what she said was right,
For *Jobson*, in a merry plight,
With *strap* in hand, to use not slow,
Came in, and cry'd, how do'st thee now,

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By this time?---tell me, tipsy *Nell*,
 Are matters 'twixt us pretty well?
 My lady knowing *strap* before,
 And dreading much acquaintance more,
 With condescension in her eye,
 And in her heart hypocrisy,
 Cry'd out, I wonder what could ail me!
 What? return'd *Jobson*---why I'll tell you,
 Thy *lambs-wool* work'd confounded strong,
 And you to get so *drunk* was wrong;
 'Twou'd be a dev'lish loss of time,
 To strap thee, *Nell*, for ev'ry crime;
 When you and conj'rers come together,
 Depend upon't there's loss of leather.
 This day again I've got a call,
 To be *Jacobus* at the hall
 Of sir *John Loverule*;---'cause his wife,
 Has quite revers'd her course of life;
 His lady now don't scold or rail;
 I fancy *strap* has turn'd the scale;

He's sure to do what others can't,
Which *Nell*, I hope, no more thou'lt want.

Instead of strife and overbearing,
And all the people round her scaring,
She's turn'd so gentle and so mild,
Good-nature takes her for her child;
Before, or else I am a dastard,
The country thought her but *her* bastard;
But now 'tis due obedience quite;
Practice that, *Nell*, and thou art right:
Three months, ye jade, an open house!
Such revelling without a fouse!

Ah, thought my lady, were I there,
I'd tip ye all *a flea in th' ear*;
Husband, says she, shan't I go too,
Hey! *Jobson* cry'd; what's now to do?
Art thou bewitch'd; or art thou napping?
Must I continually be strapping?
Hast thou forgot that yesterday
Thy hide for this was forc'd to pay?

I see it, *Nell*, and very plain,
That I must *lamb* thee soon again.

One moment, reader, pray reflect,
What an astonishing effect
This had on *lady Loverule's* pride,
(Which she had art enough to hide.)

Only six weeks, continu'd he,
Have I, thou minx, been wed to thee ;
And I must be a cuckold ? must I ?
No, *Nell*, 'twill never answer, trust me :
There's good cold pie at home ; regale,
And draw about a pint of *ale* ;
But drink no more to make thee muzzy,
For fear it works like *lamb's-wool* huffy !
Of which thou never more shalt taste,
I mean, I fancy not in haste :
Remember, *Nell*, mind what I say,---
And now I'll take myself away
To *Loverule Hall*---and drink and sing ;
A *Cobler's* in himself a *King* :

He shook his *strap* and out he went ;
 Not to her ladyship's content ;
 Who, in a tone reverse of laughter,
 Cry'd go---but I'll be instant after ;
 My servants sure will find me out,
 If not I'm ruin'd there's no doubt.
 I hardly know on what to fix---
 I'm play'd unprecedented tricks ;
 Who's *lady Loverule*, pray but I ?
 I'll ransack all the family ;
 And make 'em know me, in a minute,
 Or else I think the *devil's* in it :
 And so, on vengeance fully bent,
 She bang'd the door, and off she went.



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¹ ^{XVI}
Sir John happily reunited to his Lady.



C H A P XVIII.

Which shews, that thinking ones-self happy, and continuing so is not always the case :----the mutual endearments of sir John, and Lady Nell; and the subversion of all merriment by the unexpected entrance of Lady Loverule herself.

THE Knight and Nelly now behold!
My dear, says he, such news I'm told,

About your sudden turn of mind,
 You're grown at once so mild and kind,
 My heart is 'rapt in extasy;
 Continue thus, then, blest am I.
 Is this, thought *Nell*, my spouse? oh, rare,
 He smells more sweet than roses are:
 Sir, she reply'd, my ev'ry action
 Shall tend towards your satisfaction;
 And all your family shall see,
 Nought but good-nature dwells in me;
 Call in my servants, cry'd sir *John*;
 Invite my tenants ev'ry one;
 With grateful bosoms to express,
 In jocund mood, their happiness.
 Then clasping *Nelly* 'round the waist,
 Her lips he lovingly imprest;
 Well, she return'd, I must confess,
 This morn I little dreamt of this.

Now on this mem'able occasion,
 In consequence of invitation,

The neighbours merrily came in,
 Their country pastimes to begin;
 The knight admiring pleasantry,
 Wou'd sometimes condescend to see
 Some distance off, their tricks and whims,
 And often laugh at odd extremes;
 This 'twas his humour now to do ;]
 And so, indeed, must *Nelly* too.

Fain wou'd the muse here rest awhile,
 Unwilling merriment to spoil;
 But *truth*, to whom she's ever steady,
 Says she must introduce my lady
 To *Loverule Hall*, to stop their sport---
 Indeed we're very sorry for't.

Now on old *England's* rare *roast beef*,
 The hungry peasant's best relief;
 With hot *plumb puddings*, hearty food,
 For labour to support his blood;

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Wash'd down with *horns* of home-brew'd ale,
 The *guests* have made a free regale;
 And hark the merry *fiddle* sounds!
These choose to dance the *Cheshire rounds*;
 And *those* o'er wine and punch be gay,
 And smoke or sing the time away.

Now *in*, as lightning darts its beam,
 Rush'd *Lady Loverule* with a scream;
 "Why, what the devil's here the matter?
 Here's glorious rioting and clatter;
 Is this perpetually in vogue?
 You, *Butler*, tell me, instant rogue!"
 'Tell me? he cries,---pray who are you?
 Get out; you dirty baggage, do!
 "Why I'm your *lady*, saucy varlet!"
 More, cry'd the *Footman*, like an harlot,
 Then flying at the drinking glasses,
 And scatt'ring them in various places,
 She instantly at *Lucy* flew,
 "Hussy have you forgot me too?"

Huffy? cry'd *Lucy*, get away;
 Turn out this bunting woman pray:
 Then using *Lettice* much the same,
 To such a pitch disturbance came,
 It reach'd to *sir John Loverule's* ear,
 Who, wond'ring *discord* then to hear,
 Cry'd, how's this! what d' ye drink and sing,
 Till it arrives to quarelling:
 Sir, says the *Butler*, pray look here,
 This woman is insane I'd swear;
 She 'as broke the deuce knows what already,
 And vows she truly is your *lady*;
 We can't believe the matter so---
 There is a pond *sir John* you know;
 Hush, he reply'd, no harm do to her;
 Then took a stride or two to view her:
 Art thou, poor wretch, cries he, my wife?
 I ne'er beheld thee in my life

Before :---yet pity I confess,
 And cou'd I, wou'd thy mind redress.
 So you, says she, don't know me neither ?
 Where shall I fly for justice, whither ?
 'Tis base, *sir John*, and very plain,
 That thou'rt the author of my pain.

Poor *Nell* beheld her with surprize,
 She thought, I can't believe my eyes ;
 Am I the cause of all this pothor ?
 Am I *myself* and yet *another* ?
 The *dress* she wears I'm sure is mine,
 And yet I'm here I think, so fine ;
 I'm lost like strangers in a slough,----
 I wish I was with *Jobson* now.

Heav'n ! cry'd may *lady*, viewing *Nell*,
 What do I see ? some devil tell ?
 Don't I stand yonder, drest so gay,
 In what I wore but yesterday ?
 Am I at once in double places ?
 This all the art of *hell* surpasses !

So turning round, she *Jobson* 'spy'd ;
 What is that rogue too here she cry'd ?
 Aye, that he is, you puss, says he,
 And your friend *Strap* in company ;
 Then thus the *Knight* and *Nell* address :
 I'm glad your *honours* now are blest,
 And beg you'll pardon this poor creature,
 It is not really in her nature ;
 But last night, ere the storm began,
 She *tippled* with a *cunning-man* ;
 And went to' bed so dev'lish drunk,
 (You know you did you faucy punk)
 That ever since she 'as been above rule,
 And calls herself my *Lady Loverule*.
 Poor wretch, to this return'd the *Knight*,
 Her senses are bewilder'd quite !
 Mad folks no doubt can't be endur'd,
 But her disorder may be cur'd.

Yes, *Jobson* cry'd, for her condition,
 Here's *strap* a regular physician;
 In frenzy cases, caus'd by *ale*,
 He never yet was known to fail.

His talking so affected *Nell*,
 So strong was the *Magician's* spell;
 She cry'd out, aye, I see my doom,
 Is *strapping* t'other end the room:
 My dear, my love, the *Knight* rejoin'd,
 Does her distemper touch thy mind?
 No, answer'd she, but I'm uneasy,
 So I'll withdraw, sir, if it please ye;
 Out she was led on *Lucy's* arm,
 This gave sir *John* a new alarm.
 ' Then *Jobson* to our real lady,
 Shaking his *strap*, cries, *Nell*, art ready;
 Let not your *lamb's-wool* now work stronger,
 Look, here's your friend! he'll stay no longer:
 And so afraid of worse mishap,
 She naturally follow'd *strap*.



C H A P. XIX.

*The second arrival of the Necromancer—repeal
of the charm-----anxiety of sir John Love-
rule, and other matters; to speak in the lan-
guage of many wise writers, &c. &c. &c.*

NOW, to the Knight a servant came,
We cannot recollect his name;
But 'twas his footman;---ne'er mind that,
If we explain ye what we're at;

Sir *John*, says he, there's in the hall,
 The person whom they *Conjurer* call;
 He begs to speak t' ye instantly;
 Well, introduce him then, says he;
 So in he came---above's the fight,
 Of his submission to the *Knight*:
 He thus began---most worthy sir,
 From this position I can't stir,
 Unless your pardon I obtain;
 How? he reply'd, yourself explain:
 Then thus the *Conjurer* resum'd;
 Last night, sir, I so far presum'd,
 To exercise my magic pow'r,
 Soon after midnight's solemn hour,
 Upon your lady---this confession,
 I hope will soften the transgression;
 Because I might have kept conceal'd,
 What now, through honour, is reveal'd:
 Her bad behaviour caus'd the *spell*,
 Her ladyship's no more than *Nell*,

The *Cobler's* wife, in yonder cot,
 And he your real spouse has got.
 This morning at the break of day,
 I caus'd my *spirits* to convey,
 (Oblig'd to practice what I said)
 Each *party* to the others bed ;
 And make resemblances so strong,
 That none might know the right from wrong.
 This they were busy to perform,
 Amidst the horrors of the storm :
 Wretch ! cry'd the *knight* now thou'st undone me ;
 Thou'st brought incessant trouble on me ;
 A gleam of hope reviv'd my breast,
 I thought myself entirely blest.
 But now a *fury* of a wife,
 Must disconcert me all my life ;
 Sir, return'd he, if 'tis your will,
 The charm shall be continu'd still,
 To the last hour of you and her,
 This on my honour I aver :

No, says sir *John*, dissolve it straight,
 Or else a rope shall be your fate:
 To this our honest *Necromancer*,
 Immediately return'd for answer,
 That instantly he might depend,
 Without a storm, the spell shou'd end;
 Well, cries the Knight, but ere you go,
 One secret I'd be glad to know;
 Has not the *Cobler* made too free?
 You understand?—'twixt you and me.
 No sir, our cunning *doctor* said:
 For not till *Jabson* left his bed,
 Was lady *Loverule* put therein,
 He teaz'd her to get up and *spin*;
 Her non-compliance gave offence;
 And so he 'as strapp'd her ever since:
 Tho' this appears an odd transaction,
 'Twill tend sir to your satisfaction;
 No more she'll love to scold and rail;
 Good discipline has turn'd the scale;

Her ladyship is sure to mend on't,
 Your honour safely may depend on't;
 My spirits now their work have done,
 All parties will be present soon;
 And then you'll evidently see,
 I've nought to do with fallacy:
 This said---our *Conjurer* withdrew;---
 We'll prove that what he said was true.
 That instant *Jobson* made his entry,
 Who o'er my lady had stood centry;
 Well cry'd the *Knight*, friend where's your wife?
Jobson reply'd, sir, on my life,
 I just this moment thought her dead,
 Huffy, says I, get up you jade;
Plump she came in the servants hall,
 I believe the pavement fav'd her fall;
 Her length was measur'd on the ground,
 In what the doctors call a *sound*:
 But *strap* prescrib'd a proper dose,
 And then a *fillip* of the nose,

Made her at once to hear and see---

Come in you *trollop* instantly.

Good discipline, to all beholders

We dare to say, will make good soldiers;

We think we mention'd this before;

Forgive us if 'tis said once more.

This moral truth our *Jobson* found,

Whenever *Nelly* run a-ground,

And would not cleverly obey,

Strap gave the *hint*;--- he'd have his way.

We'd not encourage such correction,

Nor on our *Cobler* pass reflection;

He only trac'd the *Conjurer's* plan,

And he, you know's a wond'rous man.

So in came *lady* 'stead of *Nell*,

Next chapter tells you what befell.

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C H A P. XX.

Proving that Pride, by fatigue, will turn to Humility; that an innate generous bosom never varies in its dispensations; and that though one may be subject to vicissitude, the other is never unstable.

READER, above you may plainly see
How humble saucy folks may be;

We mean be brought from arrogance
 And pestilence to complaisance;
 Says *Lady Loverule* to *sir John*,
 I've been indiff'rent, I must own,
 My temper oft' has conquer'd reason
 (Which is to husbands petty treason)
 By aukward usage I have hurt you,
 But never yet forlook my virtue;
 Replace me in your bosom, still
 In all things I'll observe your will;
 Your great good-nature I shall praise,
 And be well temper'd all my days.
 The *Knight* with all the eloquence,
 So natural to men of sense,
 With reason's certain approbation,
 Improv'd by *classic* education,
 Reply'd, my *Lady*, pray arise,
 And put an end to his surprize;
 Continue in the same opinion,
 I'll prize you more than a dominion.

How's this? cries *Jobson*, thunder-struck,
 What, has a *Cobler* got the luck
 To have a *Lady* for his wife?
 A pretty joke, upon my life!
 But why the deuce am I to lose her?
 Who has besides a right to chuse her?
 This instant came the maids to tell,
 The sad mishap of lucky *Nell*;
 Who fainted suddenly, because
 According to the *Conjuror's* laws,
 She must be what she was before,
 And never be a lady more;
 With great surprize, sir *John*, they said,
 We thought her *Ladyship* was dead,
 The house is so amaz'd at it,
 None e'er saw such a fainting fit;
 And when our care had brought her right
 She turn'd another woman quite;
 The *Cobler* cry'd, a bull, a bull!
 And would have laugh'd his belly full,

But in the interim *Nelly* came,
 And calling *Jobson* by his name,
Zekel, says he, I'm glad to see you,
 I'd fain go home; pray take me wi' ye;
 Hey, reply'd *Jobson*, what my *Nell*!
 Why, baggage, when didst look so well?

For since the *Doctor*'s charm was clos'd,
 He 'ad got, it well may be suppos'd
 The nuptial knowledge very plain,
 To know his former spouse again.

Here, *Jobson*, says our happy *Knight*,
 Who took in honesty delight,
 Take home your wife, she's *very* fine,
 I'll make myself content with mine,
 Which ev'ry husband ought to do;
 So what I practise, practise too;
 But han't your honour, *Jobson* cry'd,
 Been too familiar with my bride;
 Or, as a body may suppose,
 Made me a *buck*—beneath the rose?

No, by my honour, he reply'd,
 For virtue always is my guide;---
 And since you've been the happy means,
 Of turning dull to pleasant scenes,
 Here take five hundred pounds together,
 And buy thyself a stock of leather.
 Huzza! cries *Jobson*---I'm a king,
 Now merrily we'll work and sing;
 Come kifs me, *Nell*, like heretofore,
 Thou ne'er shalt have a *strapping* more;
 But mind one thing, deserve it not,
 For *strap* you know is pretty hot.

Then *Nelly* thus bespoke our *Lady*;
 I hope, ma'm, you will not upbraid me,
 For wearing things of your's, so fine;
 Pray take your *own*, and give me *mine*;
 Hush, *Jobson* whisper'd her aside,
 What *Nell*, hast not a grain of pride?

M

Would'ft leave thy int'reft in the lurch,
 Keep 'em :---on Sundays *flafh* at church :
 Her ladyship return'd, good *woman*,
 Our circumftances are uncommon ;
 But yet, as fortune peace procures,
 Enjoy my drefs, I'll pride in your's ;
 And pray, cries *Jobfon*, if you please,
 Can your good Ladyship with eafe
 Forgive this *strap* for ev'ry touch,
 That made you turn about fo much ;
 I do, fays *fhe*, in hope all's clever,
 In mutual blifs both now and ever,
 And all my fervants fhall be bleft,
 As far as I'm with pow'r poffeft :
 Right, faid his worfhip, difcord's paft---
 Reader, next chapter is the laft.



C H A P X X I .

Exhibiting in our headpiece the joyful re-union of all parties, and shewing that we, diametrically opposite to many writers, have not only begun our work but finish'd it, which is a little uncommon, with Morality.

THE Lord of nature, ever kind,
By instinct cultivates the mind;

M 2

He gave us reason, to controul
The passions waiting in the soul.

The marriage station was ordain'd,
That vicious ways might be restrain'd;
To form in life a virtuous plan,
And happy make each honest man;
To make the fair compleatly blest,
With those who have their hearts possess;
And breathe the happiness of life,
In husband, children, friends, and wife:
But if through diff'rent inclinations,
The parties will forget their stations,
And 'stead of harmony, love strife,
Destruction waits them all their life,
And arrogance on either side,
Is sure to suffer for its pride;
This ev'ry couple ought to know,
Or matrimony's but-----*so so.*
Free-will may terminate a fact;
'Tis *his* to guide, tho' *our's* to act.

Modesty shewing in a Mirror Arrogance her own Disagreeable Resemblance



WE humbly hope this moral tale
 Will, both o'er age and youth prevail,
 By joining gravity with fun,
 And this we flatter us we've done.

So courteous reader t'other line is,
 Your most obedient servant

F I N I S.



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